

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

AUSTRIAN FINANCES

AN agreement was concluded at Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations, by which Great Britain, France, Italy, and Czechoslovakia loaned Austria one hundred and thirty million dollars, of which thirty million are for repayment of previous loans made her by these States, for the purpose of rehabilitating her finances, and placing her currency upon a stable basis.

The loan will be secured by the Austrian customs, the tobacco monopoly, and possibly by other assets. The budget must be balanced within two years; no new bank notes are to be printed; and the four creditor States have set up a sort of receivership, or financial dictatorship, over the borrower Government, to see that the provisions under which the loan is made are strictly carried out. The support of France was secured to this arrangement by a formal promise from Austria not to unite with Germany.

These stringent terms are meeting with vigorous opposition, not only from extreme Nationalists, or Pan-Germans, but also from Radicals and Social Democrats. *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the official organ of the latter party, characterizes these measures as 'a series of unex-

amplified monstrosities.' While acknowledging that radical reforms are necessary, it considers these proposals 'economically impossible and socially unendurable.' It directs its criticism chiefly against a proposed general sales-tax.

A tax of two per cent is to be levied when the peasant sells his grain to a dealer, again when the dealer sells it to the miller, again when the miller sells the flour to the baker, again when the baker sells his bread to the marketman, and still again when the marketman sells the bread to the consumer. So we are to have at least a fivefold tax upon a loaf of bread. And the same thing will be repeated with every other article of necessity.

Arbeiter Zeitung also objects to the projected increase in customs duties — coming at a time when trade barriers in Central Europe are recognized to be one of the principal obstructions in the way of business recovery — and to the specific taxes planned on alcohol, sugar, tobacco, salt, and house rents. Naturally these taxes bear directly on labor. Rather oddly, this Socialist-Democratic paper criticizes the provision that Austria's army, which is already the smallest in Central Europe, shall be still further reduced; and it interprets a proviso that seems to discourage hydroelectric development in Austria as a scheme of

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Czechoslovak coal operators to prevent the substitution of electricity for steam in Austria's factories.

The paper-money orgy has reached a point where people are reverting to barter on a wide scale. According to the Vienna fortnightly, *Reconstruction*:—

Farmers in Austria have been accustomed for a long time to sell and buy only on the basis of grain value. Also farm rents are nearly always fixed on the wheat standard, that is to say, the farmer has to deliver on pay day a certain amount of wheat, or other agricultural products as agreed upon, either in kind or in wheat at the rate of market price then in force. The village craftsmen also accept only payment in kind; even the dominie gets his fee for extra lessons in eggs and butter. — Most of the Austrian industrial firms are invoicing in gold kronen. A curious case is reported from Germany: the electricity works in a small Saxon town informed their customers when fixing the price for electric current that payment in kind was welcome, namely: ten eggs, or a pound and a half of flour, or twenty-five pounds of potatoes, per kilowatt hour.

The effect of such conditions on public institutions, that depend for their support upon fixed incomes from endowments or public appropriations, is illustrated by the embarrassment of the University of Vienna, whose buildings are rapidly going to pieces for want of repairs:—

University Hall has become unfit for use. The roof has not been repaired since 1914, and the rain is coming through. Large patches of plaster have come away from the ceiling. The mouldings are cracked, and the fine frescoes stained with damp. The heavy rain of the last month has made matters worse. The Government is responsible for the upkeep of the University, but naturally cannot spare a penny. The University authorities recently applied for a special grant of two hundred million kronen for structural repairs. This grant has not been sanctioned. The regular subsidies have apparently not been adjusted to the increased

costs for at least two years, for they are now inadequate. For instance, the grant for the internal upkeep of the University buildings and for educational appliances is still 16,800 kronen (now about 25 cents) per quarter, and even the payment of this grant is in arrears.



CHURCH DISCUSSIONS IN ENGLAND

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, speaking before the Church Congress at Sheffield, said that the heart of the present religious problem was this:—

Men want a true religion as never before—that is its hope. They do not find it in the Church—that is its trouble. To put the matter plainly: religion attracts; the Church repels.

The eminent prelate believed the remedy is 'to evangelize the Church.' As if to reaffirm the decadence of vital faith here enunciated, Dr. Norman Maclean, in the *Scotsman*, deplors the waning Christian militancy of the Western world that tolerates with a mere pretense of protest the return of the Turks to Europe:—

The Mosque of St. John the Baptist dominates the most ancient of all cities, Damascus. It was once a Christian church, and the Cross crowned it long ago; and still on the architrave of a beautiful gate in one of the transepts the inscription can be clearly read:— *Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations*. No traveler can read the words without emotion. The hands of the dead, long crumbled to dust, raise their testimony, in the words carved deep on stone, against the glorious sanctuary they built.

In Arabia there is a great cavalry barracks that was once a Christian cathedral!

But for us the most humbling thought of all is that the greatest triumph of Christian architecture in the East of Europe—in the very gateway of the world—should for four and a half centuries be left as the spoil of the Mohammedans.

There are few passages in history more

pathetic than the story that Gibbon tells: how on the night ere the city fell, the last of the Emperors, with some faithful attendants, entered . . . St. Sophia and there devoutly received the Holy Sacrament. What were his thoughts in that hour of doom, with the merciless enemy breaking down the last defense, as he heard the words that have stilled the aching hearts of these nineteen centuries: —

This is My Body broken for thee. This . . . My Blood shed for thee. . . .



IRISH FINANCES

ACCORDING to estimates presented to the Irish Parliament, the Government expenditures for the coming fiscal year will amount to approximately forty million pounds sterling, and a deficit of fourteen million pounds is anticipated. This estimated expenditure includes ten million pounds for compensation to persons whose property has been destroyed during the present hostilities. It is possible that appropriations for the latter purpose will ultimately reach forty million pounds.

Although transportation is completely disorganized over large areas, and the suspension of fairs and markets deprives farmers and shopkeepers of a profitable outlet for their goods, the falling off in exports for the last quarter reported, ending with July 1922, was not so serious as was feared. In fact there was a large increase in the exports of potatoes, and of live stock — especially cattle and sheep. The latter shipments may reflect the disturbed conditions, since farm animals are insecure property during a civil war, and at the same time they can be converted into ready money more easily than most kinds of agricultural produce.

The Free State Treasury is handicapped by a large and indefinite claim which Great Britain holds against Ireland, under Article V of the Treaty, for

such proportions of the public debt of the United Kingdom and the sums required for paying war pensions as may be fair and equitable after allowing for set-offs claimed by Ireland. Presumably the Free State Government will have to borrow money to pay part of its current expenses and such fixed liabilities as those just mentioned. This necessity adds another to the many imperative motives for restoring civil peace as soon as possible.



LORD BEAVERBROOK ON GERMANY

LORD BEAVERBROOK, who owes his title largely to his business achievements, writes a vigorous article in the *London Express*, declaring that Germany must pass through a court of international bankruptcy before anything can be collected from her; and that it is business folly for her creditors to delude themselves longer with the fancy that they can squeeze money out of a moneyless debtor.

Germany is bankrupt. The British people ought to realize this fact quite clearly. . . . Bankruptcy is not a state of affairs which comes into existence and is openly recognized at some single instant of time. It is a result of a long course of commercial sliding into the abyss; of consecutive failures to balance accounts; and the official receiver only holds a post-mortem on a corpse which has long been defunct.

Austria and Russia are both bankrupt to-day. Their credit and money are worth nothing, and the wheels of their industry have ceased to revolve. Germany is merely following this well-trodden road. Lord Beaverbrook cites the history of French Revolutionary finance in the eighteenth century, when the paper currency and bonds of the Government sank to nothing.

They never were expressly repudiated; they simply ceased to possess any value.

Such, in effect, is the story of the mark. The circulation of the mark has ceased to bear any relation to the wealth and credit of the German nation.

Lord Beaverbrook concludes: —

All this makes the present controversy about Reparations a somewhat idle discussion. Germany cannot pay until she has made herself solvent. She can attain solvency only by going through a process of national liquidation. . . . Resources there may be without wealth being realizable in the form of payments abroad, and this is what has happened to Germany.



THE QUESTION OF COTTON

A PREDICTED permanent world-shortage of cotton, due principally to the ravages of insect pests, continues to absorb the attention of European consumers. At the eleventh International Cotton Congress, figures were presented indicating that the world's annual cotton crop now averages less than nineteen million bales a year, while consumption has passed twenty-one million bales.

The British Cotton Research Board's second report announces the development of a new variety of cotton in Egypt, known as 'Balls 310,' which promises to be very prolific. Incidentally this report throws doubt on the ancient theory that Egypt owes her fertility to the annual deposits from the Nile. Scientific soil-analysis is leading to the belief that the summer, when the river is shallow, is more important for soil recuperation. During this season the ground is baked and sterilized for several months, and left in good condition for rapid nitrification and vigorous plant-growth when the floods come. Summer cultivation under irrigation rapidly exhausts the fields, in spite of their receiving the usual amount of river silt and flood water during the freshet period.

Meanwhile attention is being turned to promising cotton lands in Australia. Recent expeditions into the interior have revealed 'immense tracts of open prairie capable of growing cereals and cotton, and just waiting for civilization to come along and develop them.' These reports have been sufficiently confirmed by the cumulative evidence of agricultural explorers to encourage British capitalists to project a scheme for extensive cotton cultivation in Western Australia, where there are districts in which 'cotton in a wild state grows luxuriantly, and there are thousands of acres where it might be cultivated with success.' Lack of labor is the greatest initial difficulty to be overcome.

Simultaneously the interest of Manchester spinners has been aroused in a new fibre known as arghan, the product of a plant akin to the pineapple. Its broad leaves, 'without any degumming or retting, split up into innumerable pearly white and silky fibres, fifty per cent stronger than hemp, extending to six feet or more in length, and adamant to sea-water.' The yarn and cloth obtained from this fibre take dye permanently; it promises to be so important as a textile material that the Government of the Malay States has set aside some thirty thousand acres for its cultivation. Plantations are also being promoted in India, Ceylon and Borneo. The plant was originally discovered growing wild in the Malay States. Its identity, which appears to be unknown to botanists, at least under its present name, is being jealously guarded in order to confine its cultivation, as long as possible, to British colonies and Dominions. The plant grows normally to a height of about twelve feet, is apparently immune to disease and pest, and can be harvested several times a year. Under cultivation the leaves have broadened appreciably and yield a bet-

ter quality of fibre. Cloth produced from this material is already on exhibition in England. The present fabrics are coarse, but spinning experiments show that the fibre can be manufactured into fine goods. It can also be woven with a cotton warp. Cloth made from it is considerably stronger than cotton cloth.

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA

CZECHOSLOVAKIA has set for herself the task of educating her soldiers. There is a minimum of illiteracy — considerably less than one per cent — among Czech and German recruits in her army — but more than one third of the Ruthenians cannot read or write. Moreover, four different languages are spoken among the soldiers. However, courses in the army schools embrace more than instruction in the official language and the rudiments of reading and writing. Classes are provided in civics, economics, history, literature, current events, and hygiene. A special feature is instruction in the art of reading newspapers. These courses are obligatory, to the extent that soldiers must devote at least sixteen hours a month to them. In addition, opportunities are afforded to learn foreign languages, shorthand, accounting, agriculture, and the trades.

Prager Tagblatt, of October 17, criticizes the attitude of German political leaders in Czechoslovakia who refuse to coöperate with the Czechs and persist in pursuing a policy hostile to the Government. Unofficial relations between the Czechs and the Germans are reported to be excellent.

The German industrialists live in undisturbed coöperation with their Czech colleagues. German workmen, in all questions affecting their interests, are acting together with their Czech comrades. In short, we have common unions and common societies

representing both nations which, in spite of the apparently unsurmountable national troubles, are working together in complete harmony.

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A DEFENSE OF THE FASCISTI

A CORRESPONDENT of *Journal de Genève* recently had an interview with Signore Dino Grandi, a member of the Italian Parliament and Secretary of the Fascisti group in that body, in the course of which that gentleman said: —

People abroad often say that Italy is in the midst of a civil war and a Fascisti revolution. That is not so. The Fascisti movement started in Italy immediately after the War to combat the disorder and revolution that those Italian Socialists who copied Russia were trying to start in our country. The Bolshevik wing of the Socialists was strong, and we had a bitter struggle to break its power. To-day the Communists are no longer the masters of the country. The Fascisti have rallied to their banners the best elements of the Italian nation without regard to rank or class. Their purpose is to restore order and discipline in Italy, to give her foreign policy purpose and continuity. . . . The Italian crisis has reached its last stage, and will soon be over. Parliament will probably be dissolved in the near future, and the general elections will return to the Lower House one hundred or more Fascisti deputies. Our party will then become the constitutional Government. . . .

Foreigners also imagine that the Fascisti stand for a reactionary movement, opposed to the rights of the workers and the proletariat. Nothing could be more false. We are fighting these Socialists who are fighting our country, who after having sabotaged the war have insulted the memory of our dead and have lauded our deserters. . . . We have 800,000 working men in our ranks organized into National Trade Unions according to their respective trades. We enroll 400,000 rural laborers, 55,000 sailors and longshoremen, 50,000 clerks, 200,000 factory operatives, 55,000 railway and tramway servants, 10,000 factory and post office employees, and 20,000 workers in other lines.

A GERMAN APPRECIATION OF LLOYD
GEORGE

THEODOR WOLFF, writing in *Berliner Tageblatt* of Lloyd George's resignation, says:—

We can hardly say of Lloyd George, as Börne said in his oration upon Jean Paul: 'A crown has fallen from the head of a king'; but unfriendly memorial orators may say: 'A brilliant weather vane has fallen from a roof.' We can hardly quote: 'A star has set, and the eyes of this century will be closed before its like rises again'; for the eyes of this century will probably rediscover that luminary restored to the zenith very soon. Since he has not finally vanished from our political constellations, we may spare ourselves such words of farewell, merely observing that Lloyd George is not a resolute and obstinate crusader, but a remarkably skillful artist on the tight rope. He is not a man cast in a fixed mould, but a persuasive and scintillating personality. His unsteadfastness is usually attributed to his Welsh descent; and we infer from that that the Welsh are people of a feminine temperament, to whom such proverbs apply as *Donna è mobile; Souvent femme varie, bien sot qui s'y fie*; and *Ach, wie so trügerisch*. Those who have seen him and heard him in great crises, received the impression that he does not think out his projects with care and thoroughness, but is a brilliant improviser who has less regard for the future than for the passing moment. He combines with these gifts and weaknesses a quality that stands him in excellent stead: a fighting temperament that is merely stimulated to new efforts by difficulties and defeats. However, his confidence rests more on faith in himself than on faith in his cause. When he saw that it was proposed to cast him aside like a squeezed lemon, he did not despair for a moment. The idea that his powers of popular persuasion might be exhausted, never occurred to him. He raised his battle-cry higher and more youthfully than ever. Like the Mongol warrior who has missed his mark with one arrow, he whirls his horse

around and dashes off — only to return a moment later and shoot again.



PRESIDENT EBERT

PRESIDENT EBERT's reëlection as President by the Reichstag without a popular vote appears to have been tacitly endorsed by the people of Germany. This may be interpreted as evidence either of political apathy or of a general desire to keep the executive power in the hands of the present incumbent.

Journal de Genève is inclined to the latter explanation:—

Modest, conscientious, animated by sincere patriotism and liberal sentiments, the former journeyman tanner has exhibited in his Supreme Magistracy moderation combined with firmness. Although he remains loyal to his Socialist alliances, he seeks only the interests of his country. Even his political opponents now render homage to his talents as a tactician and a statesman.

The President's office under the new German Constitution is more than merely ornamental. Not only is he the official representative of the State at public ceremonies and in relations with other powers, but he possesses considerable moral influence, by virtue of his office, over both Parliament and political parties. He does not have the independent authority of an American President, but he has wider functions than the President of France. He can, at his discretion, dissolve Parliament. He can submit an Act of Parliament to popular referendum. He is Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, and in that capacity may proclaim martial law and employ the armed forces of the Government when domestic order is threatened, or if one of the States of the Confederation refuses to submit to the Constitutional authority of the Central Government.

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE

[We publish below three opinions of the future of Europe, written respectively by a German, an Englishman, and an Italian.]

From *La Revue de Genève*, October
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I. A GERMAN VIEW

BY COUNT HERMANN KAYSERLING

IN order to predict, with some pretension to probability, the future of Europe, we must first make clear in our minds a condition that most people as yet fail to comprehend: it is that the epoch of dizzy progress we experienced during the last century is definitely over. I do not mean that we shall have no more improvements and innovations and political and social advance. These may occur, and in fact may exceed those of the past century. But they will not have the same significance as formerly, and it is this significance that gives them their importance in history, as distinct from their importance in nature.

Our World War, in fact, when studied in all its aspects and implications, has forced us to regard the problem of life from a new point of view. Hitherto the great task of man seemed to be to subdue nature and make her obedient to his will. To-day our task seems to be to make the soul of man worthy of the conquests he has achieved. The last century, conscious only of the first of these problems, was logical in believing that our progress would continue with constantly accelerated velocity. To-day we abruptly find ourselves face to face with the truth, that the greater our command over nature, the greater of soul we must be to exercise that command; and that we lack

this essential quality so utterly that we are threatened with destruction by our own inventions.

Technical progress, in order to be true progress, demands a corresponding spiritual development — a development in which we are still taking our first faltering footsteps. Since spiritual progress is a process of growth, we cannot accelerate it at will. The more deeply, therefore, we study the real meaning of life to-day, the more impressed we are, not with the speed of our mechanical advance, but with the slowness of our soul growth.

True progress has, in fact, been very deliberate in every age. Read Tocqueville. You will find that the problems he discussed nearly a hundred years ago, particularly those of democratic government, are not appreciably nearer solution than they were then. The France of to-day bears a striking resemblance to the France of the monarchy. What do I say? Jesus Christ has hardly begun even yet to spiritualize the materialist mentality of the peoples of Europe; and the great problem of Socrates — the reconstruction of an intelligent theory of life by a free intellect surmounting the encumberments of creeds — has only become actual, historically speaking, in our own times. It is as necessary in this year of grace 1922, as it ever was,

to think by centuries if we would understand history. We do think to-day by continents; but when it comes to time, we think in hours. This is the first fallacy of which we must disabuse our minds.

Next we must learn to see historical reality as it truly is — something that no one attempted before 1914. If the whole edifice of pre-war Europe has crumbled to ruin within a half-dozen years, it is because its external reality no longer corresponded with an interior and essential reality. The ultimate forces that created and sustained the life of nations were not those which all the world believed them to be. If the war had truly revealed these ultimate forces to the majority of mankind and taught them to harmonize their conception of life with reality, that disaster, in spite of its horrors, would be a supreme blessing. But it has not opened the eyes of men, or, better said, their eyes were scarcely opened when they were blinded by the dazzle of new illusions inherited from the past.

The Germany of William II proved that her conscience lagged behind the demands of modern life; the France of to-day hastens to endorse the policies of Louis XIV. Though the war was fought to liberate the oppressed nations, the latter scarce won their freedom before they, too, turned imperialist oppressors. The common people, more deeply stirred than they have been since the Great Migrations, have turned toward socialist ideals; but their rulers imagine the moment has come to incorporate the whole industry of the globe in gigantic trusts. Never has there been a more astounding reaction. It is as if a system seen to be fatally faulty had been overthrown, not to clear the way to a better future, but to build a causeway back to the remoter past.

Therefore the thesis that war accelerates progress is not worth discussing. It has changed certain external aspects of the world, but it has only promoted the triumph of the spirit of the past. For two years the vanquished professed their readiness to live a new life. But since the very spirit the war was fought to destroy has reincarnated itself in the victors, that spirit soon reasserted its sway over the souls of the vanquished. We see no prospect that this vicious circle may not continue indefinitely. It will certainly repeat itself until the conscience of the world begins to occupy itself with the new realities instead of with the mirage of the past.

However, it is not difficult to discern already the general outlines of the new world that is taking form. We are traveling toward a renaissance, or rather a reincarnation, of the Middle Ages with their admirable synthesis of unity and multiplicity. The unity we recognize is that of mankind, as in the former period it was that of the Christian world. Its practical realization is seen in the internationalism of science, political economy, law. These are the foundation stones of the new edifice, which will represent a grouping together of the most varied civilizations, for the purpose of coöperation instead of mutual extermination.

No longer will one country exploit another in the old sense of the word. Europe will cease to rule Asia. In fact she will seem but a minor member of the larger world-constellation. She may retain for some centuries to come traces of her original significance, but this will be because the war visited itself more harshly upon her immediate heirs, America and Russia, than upon herself. America, having committed an inexpressible crime against herself, by participating in a European war, has thereby forfeited her

opportunity to outstrip us in civilization. She might have done so easily and rapidly, had she not repeated our own sin. But, having exposed herself to the contamination of our sociological microbes, she will suffer from all our maladies, and she will suffer from them the more violently precisely because of her abounding vigor and material wealth. Russia will no longer count in world affairs for a century at least.

Nationalism has ceased to be rational. Germany was defeated because she was blind to that fact. France and Poland will suffer precisely to the extent that they still harbor their nationalist delusion. Conquests and assimilations of other peoples are no longer possible upon our continent. The interdependence of Europeans is so close already that no nation can be harmed without disaster to the rest. The question of victors and vanquished is secondary. It does not accord with new conditions. It is Europe as a whole that is ruined to-day; and if she is ever to recover, she can do so only as a whole. Europe is a unit; upon that will depend her political influence hereafter. Unfortunately no European nation seems to realize this. As yet imperialism and nationalism seem stronger than ever. There is no hope of salvation in the League of Nations or similar political trusts. No merely external reform will reach the heart of the evil, until the spirit of men has been converted to the truth of our new condition.

There is but one thing we can do to bring nearer the new era we all desire: that is to labor with the souls of men. Without a social conscience there can be no efficacious reform. Unless the spiritual level of the individual is raised, there can be no progress of the community. The problem of Europe's future is, strange as it may appear,

first and foremost a problem of the individual. That truth may well discourage those who believe in an imminent millennium. But that imminence is as chimerical as the belief in the end of the world that prevailed throughout Europe in the year 999. Our epoch resembles that which preceded the year 1200 of our era. An ancient society had perished, a new one was forming. How did the world of the Middle Ages arise? It produced itself spontaneously. After the great struggles between the migrating races ceased, after whole populations had been exterminated amid the ruins of the ancient world, a new and vigorous society thrust forth thrifty shoots to take their place.

Now this new bloom of culture, spiritual in origin, did not spring from the masses but from a few superior men. Such individuals we have to-day. We no longer possess a true community, with a soul to be saved. Our old men of the present generation clearly are no heralds of a better future; our men of middle age are weighed down by the incrustations of the past. Most of our young men, likewise, have been prematurely hardened by the shock of war and the strain of defeat or victory. So the future depends on a few loftier spirits whose influence will slowly fructify the minds of the masses. That is the counterpoint of history. When the world rests all its fate upon the masses, the hour is sounding for the few individual leaders. After an apogee of quantity, follows an era of quality. To the unnatural publicity of the World War there must succeed an epoch of intimacy and self-retirement. Let us be done with this whole fallacy of arithmetical magnitudes, this illusion of organization, as characteristic of the coming age. The hope of the future rests on the shoulders of the few, who have kept themselves free

from the controversies of the present, and who have labored for the perfection of their own souls and those of their neighbors.

This labor is an extremely arduous one. In order to rise above the world crisis of which the Great War was the bloody symbol, we must rally the highest powers of our being. Our hearts must expand to embrace all horizons. Our souls must sound the depths until they seize the living principle of this immense complex that we call modern Western life. That effort demands a conversion as radical and profound as that which transformed the pagan world into the Christian world. We are living to-day in the most critical period of human history. Probably history, as it will be familiar to the men of 4000 A.D., has not even begun. For a few decades we vainly imagined that we were conquering matter. But the horrible spectre of the World War proves that even in this elementary domain the forces of nature are greater than the power of the spirit. We are still children; and that is the reason, perhaps, why we imagine that we are so old.

During the five or six thousand years since our boasted civilization began, only a few small castes and a few individuals have really embodied that civilization. Those great spirits to whom we owe all true progress have influenced the masses but imperfectly, because the intellectual level of the

multitude is too low to comprehend the truths they teach. It is only to-day that an understanding of the deeper verities of life, sufficiently common to be called general, has become possible — historically speaking. This is why I consider our epoch the most critical since the origin of our race. For the first time since man has lived upon the globe, conditions exist that make possible a reign of liberty, which is the primordial attribute of the spirit. Unhappily, however, this does not signify that such a reign of liberty will really begin. Men have invariably shown a remarkable aptitude for wrecking their own future.

The World War, let me repeat, was but the physical symbol of a soul crisis. Unhappy are they who do not understand its lesson, who imagine that its external phenomena are the essential part of history: for these are merely its subordinate details. In the domain of politics Germany and France no longer matter; it is only new Europe that we need consider. But, in a truer sense, we are not concerned with politics at all. The future of Europe is exclusively a spiritual question. Will man rise as a spiritual being to the heights of his possibilities? Will he learn to understand the ultimate objects for which he lives? If the man of Europe does achieve this, a glorious future is in store for him. He will soar to heights unknown to his predecessors. But if he fails, his doom is certain.

II. A BRITISH VIEW

BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

THERE are two Europes: a geographical Europe, and an intellectual and cultural Europe — a body and a soul. This unhappy body, lacerated by a terrible war, is now suffering from the effects of a no less terrible peace.

What will be its future? No one knows: least of all, the narrow and obstinate politicians whose stupid after-dinner decisions have incalculably evil consequences.

No nation can longer be singled out

as guilty. All sense of spiritual solidarity seems to have vanished from the minds of those who are responsible for our catastrophe. When the Bolsheviki emphasize our solidarity, it is only to declare themselves its enemies. Other nations have forgotten even what solidarity is. England, eager to resume trade with Russia, bids defiance to the moral instincts of Europe. France refuses to see that Germany has the same right to exist that she has. America, like the Levite, passes the wounded man on the other side.

Let us begin by noting that the body of Europe is a single organism, and that a malady afflicting one of its members may prove fatal to the whole individual. It is a little late to reflect on this — too late, beyond question, to save the patient.

We do not know what may happen; but it is certain that the future of the body depends upon that of the soul. But functioning of the soul is conditioned by the normal functioning of the body. Our sense of truth is in abeyance so long as the body suffers as Europe suffers to-day. Consequently the soul of Europe languishes.

Although this soul of Europe is present throughout her whole extent, it attains self-consciousness only in the more civilized nations. Such consciousness cannot exist unless the physical struggle for existence leaves leisure for the mind to observe and to meditate upon the world. The nations where this is possible are becoming rarer. In Russia, Austria, and Germany material necessities monopolize minds that otherwise might lift themselves above the routine of everyday existence. The victorious nations, where the struggle for existence is slightly less severe, are plunged into the corruption of the post-war era.

Of course, it is impossible to define satisfactorily the European soul. But

we know its principal attributes: the notion of individual liberty coexisting with social order, and the knowledge that civilization is international. These practical truths have lost much of their validity since 1914. When the existence of a country was at stake, individual liberty was provisionally abolished. This led to the idea that military authority was in some way superior to civil authority, and that the natural state of man was war instead of peace. Although we supposed we were fighting a crusade against a reign of force, instead, we enthroned force in every country. Even the United States, the latest to enter the war and the least affected by it, suffered a saturnalia of Prussianism.

The damage done to the European soul by such a fallacy cannot be measured. Not only have our extreme nationalists themselves gone wrong, but they have destroyed the faith of their neighbors. A person who has witnessed this hideous folly, who has seen the gospel of force become a chronic mania, finds it hard to believe that such a thing as a European soul survives. Men of high ideals have lost courage. They see no hope ahead that the aggressive nationalism of to-day will ever recede sufficiently to let Europe work out her greater destiny. Even those who still profess hope are but half-believers.

Some seek their consolation in the philosophy of minding their own business — *il faut cultiver son jardin*. Others more or less deliberately surrender to sensationalism, and conceive Europe as a stage where a fantastic comedy is being enacted, which they try to enjoy as long as time is left them to do so. Consequently the constructive impulses of good Europeans are paralyzed. The spirit is helpless unless it has faith. If we observe the forms of art in literature, in which the modern

mind expresses itself most sincerely, we discover that they are characterized by conscious or unconscious indifference to the nobler destiny of the race.

The European soul, inhabiting a languishing and moribund body, inevitably inclines toward the apathetic nihilism that prepares the way for the Bolshevik virus. Europe is still strong enough and still wise enough to resist the attacks of Bolshevism as a social and political theory. Unhappily, however, Bolshevism is something more dangerous than a 'system.' Its power of evil lurks in the fact that it is founded on an anti-European principle. It is the avowed enemy of our grand European tradition of liberty with order. It is nihilism in action. It thrives in Russia because ninety per cent of the Russian people do not understand what personal liberty is. Were Europe vigorous, she might laugh at Bolshevism. But in her present debilitated state and prostration of soul it represents a terrible danger.

Yet, if we search our hearts, we find some cause for faith in a better future. The European ideal of organized liberty and international civilization cannot be replaced except by a superior ideal. The cynic will say that the gods make mad those whom they would destroy, and that this hope is the hope of the damned. He will bid us justify our trust in something so intangible. Rome fell under the pressure of the East. Why should not modern Europe meet the same fate? But, after all, we know that Europe is stronger than Rome. Badly weakened as we are, we still possess great reserves of power. The extraordinary endurance our people showed in the late war is a symptom of strength and not of feebleness. It has been said that this war was a blind and instinctive effort of Europe to liberate her-

self from the shackles of autocracy. It was a terrible, almost a mortal, struggle. But, in spite of appearances, Europe has emerged from the crisis stronger than ever.

Perhaps Englishmen are more accessible to this instinctive optimism. Our faith in the adaptability of our institutions is remarkable. Our insular position has made us insular-minded; but for eight years we have been forced out of that isolation. For the first time in her history England is an integral part of Europe. The average Englishman does not regard our common victory as a national victory. He is no longer that patriotic and nationalist admirer of himself and his Empire that he was for fifty years before the war. Our pressing problems in Ireland, India, and Egypt have made us humble. Our disgust with compulsory military service has sobered us. The average Englishman regarded the war as an episode utterly alien to his ordinary habits of life and thought. His principal wish, now that the war is over, is to forget it, not to boast of it.

At the very moment when the British nation discovered that it was part of Europe, and shared the responsibilities of Europe, conditions made it possible for our people to aid in the recovery of the continent. Our return to a peace-mentality was more rapid than that of the other belligerents. This would have been more difficult, had our own territories been ravaged as were those of France and Belgium; but the Englishman's instinctive perception of the economic laws on which his welfare rests predisposes him to peaceful thoughts. Over and above this, there is another motive for the Britisher's love of peace. He rebels, more than the men of any other country, against army discipline. This is a mere question of habit and taste.

An Englishman does not like to be regulated. Now that he has had a recent experience with that condition, he detests it more than ever; and he is ready to make almost any sacrifice to assure Europe against future war.

This explains why the mentality of England to-day is not that of a victorious nation, but of a benevolent neutral. There is no idealism in this attitude. Your Englishman simply has decided that, unless Europe adopts a policy of live and let live, he personally may be exposed to a repetition of his recent war experience — someone may try to enlist him, stick him into a uniform, drill him. It is impossible to exaggerate his abhorrence of such a prospect. He regards military service as slavery. He will do anything to avoid it.

It seems to me that Europe's great need to-day is to acquire this instinctive hatred of things military. Our recent experience has proved only too clearly that when a nation becomes organized for war it is degraded into a mere animal — magnificent and heroic, perhaps, but none the less a brute.

It loses all ability to foresee the consequences of its acts: its powers of imagination are in abeyance; its reasoning faculties are obliterated; its sentiment of individual responsibility is destroyed.

In other words, organizing a nation for war contradicts the European ideal, for it inhibits the faculties from which this ideal springs. The principle of the nation in arms, if it continues to be observed, will be fatal. So long as it survives, the intellectual élite of Europe is helpless in a crisis. So long as there is danger of war, animal instincts dominate reason. Let us combat those lower instincts. Let us fight the war spirit with the spirit of personal liberty. As soon as the average European regards preparing for war as abnormal and wrong, and not a civic duty, as soon as he views military service as something to be submitted to only in case of direst necessity, and then reluctantly and without enthusiasm, there will be some hope for the future of Europe. Unless this attitude becomes general and instinctive, the ideals of a little minority of 'good Europeans' will accomplish nothing.

III. AN ITALIAN VIEW

BY VILFREDO PARETO

OUR society presents, under certain aspects, striking analogies with Roman society at the end of the Republic. One of these analogies is the control over the affairs of the world exercised by a demagogical plutocracy. The autocrats of Rome bought at its election the privilege of exploiting the provinces, and out of the profits they extorted from the provincials they again bought the voters at home. Our plutocrats, likewise, prodigalize money to obtain legislative favors. Campaign expenses in the United States are quite as high as they ever were at Rome.

The taxes levied on the common people by high tariffs and other modern political devices are more regular, less arbitrary, less lawless than the exactions of the Roman proconsuls, but quite as productive to the exploiting classes.

When Rome began the series of foreign wars that subjugated the Mediterranean basin and brought in their train the triumph of a demagogic plutocracy, the people hesitated to endorse that policy. Livy tells us that in the year 200 B.C. 'the proposal to make war upon Macedonia was re-

jected upon the first ballot by nearly all the centuries. This was the spontaneous sentiment of men who were weary and worn with the fatigues and dangers of a long and arduous war.' The tribune Quintus Babius accused the senators of making wars that resulted only in new wars, in order to prevent the common people from enjoying the blessings of peace. At a second election the Senate carried the people with it. In our own days the rivalries of great business interests played no inappreciable part in causing and in prolonging the World War; and there is reason to fear that these interests are to-day preparing the way to new conflicts.

Looking at the subject from a more general standpoint, we are impressed with the slight change that has occurred during more than 2000 years in the forces that mould and animate society. We hoped for something better after the World War. We dreamed that hatred and conflicts between peoples might end, and that an era of peace and prosperity might dawn.

Unhappily these hopes proved deceptive. Germany's prostration, Russia's chaos, the menacing revival of Islam, and other mortal ills weigh heavily upon the world. Business prosperity constantly postpones her arrival. We talk eloquently enough about the reconstruction of Europe, but take no practical steps toward bringing it about.

We must confess that some of our premature hopes were never possible. How could we expect that the people might work less and consume more, after the enormous destruction of wealth caused by the war? The Treaty of Versailles would have made the miracle of the loaves and fishes look like a mere trifle had it accomplished this.

Since we were not able to have a new economic era in reality, we insisted on having it in appearance. So we raised

nominal wages and incomes; but we paid them in a fictitious money so that their purchasing power was less than before the war. This benefited some men by enabling them to pay old debts in depreciated currency. It shifted the title to property from one social class to another; and it produced an artificial prosperity, which, though transient, helped for the time being to maintain social and political order.

We now witness signs of a reaction from this fictitious, abnormal condition. The eight-hour day is being attacked; wages are slowly settling back toward their normal standards; the shifting of wealth between individuals and classes is not so rapid as it was. In a word, we seem to be returning slowly toward economic equilibrium.

However, this is not true as yet of trade and transportation. The prosperity of the nineteenth century was due mainly to an abnormal expansion of commerce, made possible by cheap means of transport. It is not enough to produce cheaply; we must also be able to market cheaply. Therefore, when we erect obstacles to the free circulation of commodities, we attack prosperity at its very roots.

In dealing with these questions, Europe has fallen into inexplicable contradictions. We know positively that no country can meet heavy periodical payments to another country unless it can export its merchandise. Yet we expect Germany to pay enormous sums to neighboring countries, although we prevent her from exporting the products of her labor, fearing lest she flood our markets. It is true that each individual country is seeking merely to prevent its own markets from being flooded; but when every Government adopts the same policy, German industry is marooned in its own country. . . .

Let us try to see why the world is

falling into these contradictions. First of all we must distinguish between public interest and private interest. Great captains of industry, international financiers, and the public men who are their tools, may find the contradictions of policy we have just described to their private advantage. . . . After every great war, for instance, we note a new high-tariff era. Herbert Spencer observed this phenomenon after the war between France and Germany in 1870 and 1871. It is particularly noticeable to-day. Each country is striving to isolate itself, not only economically but also intellectually. Naturally certain men and certain groups of men seek to turn these tendencies to their private profit. Since such states of the public mind change very slowly, we must anticipate a continuance of these conditions, and of the spirit that inspires them, until the present cycle of demagogic plutocracy has run its course.

A parallel development is occurring in political affairs. A generous illusion made us imagine that the Great War would be followed by an era of political stability: *Magnus ab integro seculorum nascitur ordo*. Unfortunately these hopes were disappointed. The same conflicts of interest and rivalries that existed in the past manifest themselves to-day. The Genoa Conference was in many respects a copy of the Congress of Vienna in 1815, or the Congress of Verona in 1822. There are remarkable parallels between them. The disagreement between England and France over the recognition of the Soviet Government had its parallel in the disagreement at that earlier date over recognizing the new Spanish Republics in America. Even minor details, like the distinction the delegates tried to draw between recognition *de jure* and recognition *de facto*, are repeated.

This coincidence is not accidental. The same motives actuated England a hundred years ago that actuate her statesmen to-day. Her people possess more commercial, industrial, and speculative enterprise than the French; and they realized a hundred years ago the material advantages to be derived from the markets of America. To-day the British attitude toward the Russian market is precisely similar.

We know that the advantages anticipated from the opening of the American markets proved fallacious; and the great economic crisis of 1825 ensued. The same thing may occur in connection with opening the Russian market. But meanwhile we witness this odd situation: the Soviets are losing credit with the Socialists and Labor people of Western Europe precisely at a time when they seem to be recovering the confidence of our capitalists. The reason is easy to discover. Business is business. . . .

So our visions of an era of prosperity after the war have proved fallacious; and the mirage of an era of universal political concord vanishes the moment we seek to grasp it. Dark clouds lower on the Eastern horizon. Germany is not penitent, nor will she relinquish her projects of revenge. The effort to draw Russia back into the orbit of Western bourgeois States promises little. Common political interests will sooner or later make Germany and Russia allies. An armed invasion of Western Europe by those countries is not immediately to be feared; but it remains a future peril.

History continues to present remarkable uniformities. For example, the Rhine well merits the name 'River of Blood.' From the earliest times down to our own, rival races and civilizations have fought murderous combats on its banks. There is not the slightest probability that the course of

history will change now. Tacitus, in describing the peoples that dwelt beyond the Rhine, said: 'May mutual hatreds continue to prevail among these nations, in default of friendship for ourselves; for, burdened as we are with the cares of Empire, Fortune can offer us no better gift than the discord of our enemies.'

This is a principle that the statesmen of the first French Revolution, and of the Governments of Napoleon I and Napoleon III, seem to have forgotten. Their successors have strengthened German unity by the Versailles Treaty, and are following a course that will throw Germany and Russia into each other's arms. Men have been ready to compromise the future to win a present

advantage, or to avoid a burdensome effort when it might produce results. It was thus that Athens permitted Macedonia to wax strong, until Macedonia subjugated the Hellenic world. It was thus that the nations of the Mediterranean basin permitted Rome to wax powerful until she became the mistress of the ancient world. The progress of the world may indeed have been advanced by the causes that ruined Athens and destroyed Carthage. If we survey the present condition of the world from this broader and more philosophical standpoint, it is impossible to forecast the ultimate outcome of the conditions that we are now witnessing. To attempt to do so would be to venture into the domain of futile speculation.

AS OTHERS SEE US

BY AUGUSTIN HAMON

[The author is an economist of some note, who has translated Bernard Shaw's works into French. As the following article suggests, he is a radical internationalist. His writings have a wide circulation among sympathizers with his views, not only in France, but elsewhere throughout Europe. Caillaux contributes the financial articles in L'Ère Nouvelle.]

From *L'Ère Nouvelle*, August 22
(PARIS ORGAN OF THE RADICAL GROUP)

A REACTIONARY leader in France wrote not long ago with undisguised joy: 'France stands at the head of reaction.' He was as wrong in this statement as he is in the outworn and discarded policies that he preaches and teaches. Such moribund defenders of the dead and dying past are invariably victims of appearances. They are constitutionally incapable of seeing things as they actually are, for their congenital intellectual indolence makes them

despise science and view with a hostile eye all change, progress, and movement whatsoever. They see what they want to see, and not what actually exists. And since they would be happy and proud to see France stand still like themselves, to see her dwell like themselves with the dead, they believe that this is the actual condition of their country, and write: 'France stands at the head of reaction.'

That is false. It is true that Poin-

caré's Cabinet and the National Bloc in Parliament are past masters of reaction, but they do not have the honor of standing at the head of world reaction. That distinction belongs to the present rulers of the United States of North America.

The whole internal and external policy of the United States betrays absolute inability to comprehend the modern tendencies of mankind, the inescapable natural law of human brotherhood, the present economic and psychological trend of Europe, and even the principles enunciated by its own great statesman, Monroe. The governing classes of North America believe that they are following in their foreign policy principles laid down by Lincoln or by Washington. They justify themselves by the dead. That absolves them from the necessity of thinking. That is a labor-saving device.

They have not grasped the fact that present conditions are entirely different from those that prevailed in the age of Washington and Lincoln, and that no intelligent, reflecting, reasoning man would venture to apply in practical life to-day principles worked out a century or more ago in an entirely different world. Furthermore, they do not realize that Woodrow Wilson told the truth when he asserted that the League of Nations was an application of the Monroe Doctrine to the whole world — of the doctrine that every people should be the master of its own destiny.

America's lack of vision is painfully clear to any person who has eyes, and the will to use them. The ruling classes of America lack intellectuality. Their chief end in life is to make money. Their talk is generally of money, business, sports. Their scholars and their thinkers — and they have distinguished men of this class — possess no real influence. They cannot make their views count with the Government, nor

expound them through the press, pamphlets, and books. All the agencies of propaganda are more or less saturated with religiosity — indeed to a greater degree even than in Great Britain. The Bible is cited as ultimate authority — a book written twenty centuries or more ago. The dead rule the living, and they are poor rulers.

Women play an important part everywhere in the direction of public affairs. American women are for the most part extremely superficial. Therefore they naturally imagine that they possess profound knowledge. We can judge their real intellectual interests and qualifications by the contents of the better American reviews. Those reviews make a poor showing when compared with their European contemporaries in France and Germany. American women of the middle class, even when well-to-do, are generally mere dolls, whose thoughts are wholly occupied with one single thing — spending the money that their husbands earn.

American men, condemned to a life of sordid toil to indulge the social ambitions and expensive tastes of their better halves, are tempted to engage in speculation — a pursuit that has a distorting effect upon the intellect. It encourages an excessive development of certain qualities, and a corresponding atrophy of other qualities. Americans of both sexes are children in their proneness to romantic illusions. They are unable to see things as they really are, except in the field of business. Outside of that limited area they live in a world of infantile imagination. In his comedy, *Man and Superman*, Bernard Shaw paints a striking and accurate picture of the American as a big, sentimental, emotional child, puffed up with his own bigness, like young children who have been spoiled by doting mothers and overindulgent relatives.

How is this superficiality of the in-

tellect and puerile romanticism to be corrected? The schools and universities are so completely under the ferule of the capitalists that no such thing as academic freedom exists in the sphere of the political and economic sciences and philosophy. Professors convinced of the scientific truth of socialist doctrines have been forced either to resign their positions or to compromise with their convictions.

The millionaires who have erected and endowed with unprecedented luxury the universities, private schools, libraries, art galleries, and museums of America, have really enslaved teaching and made it serve their own particular ends, except in case of the physical, mathematical, and biological sciences. Naturally such a servitude cannot exist forever. It runs contrary to the intellectual evolution of the world, from the laws of which the United States, whose population is unceasingly recruited from ancient Europe, is no more exempt than any other country.

Jews from Central and Eastern Europe form a large part of this annual contingent of newcomers. They are poor, industrious, intelligent, enterprising, and ambitious. They flock into the schools and universities and devote themselves with such energy to their studies that they are quite supplanting the native Americans, who are interested mainly in sports. Their industry naturally places them at the head of their classes, and gives them the highest standing at examinations. The Americans resent this. They have become Jew-haters. They plan to limit the number of Jews admitted to their colleges and universities. So we see the land of liberty imitating the Russia of the Tsars. To such a point does capitalism imitate autocracy in its determination to be master.

Private schools are as conservative and reactionary as the universities.

They are controlled by the clergy and by lady patronesses. Even the public schools are completely dominated by those two forces of reaction. Only a few institutions, scattered and far apart, still give testimony to that spirit of initiative and revolt that constituted the grandeur of America in the days when she was laying the foundation of her government.

Another evidence of American reaction is the methods used by the captains of industry, and the Government, to suppress strikes. Laws are enacted for the poor and the humble. The rich and the great are above the law. This condition is flaunted in the face of the world with even greater impudence in America than in Europe. The police and the judges are openly and in the eyes of everybody simply agents of the capitalists.

There is no censorship over writings, but there is a postal censorship, and the Postmaster-General has the right to refuse to handle newspapers and pamphlets that he considers harmful to the public welfare. In America liberty is far more curtailed than it is in Europe, bad as conditions are in our own continent. In the United States laws are more liberal than manners, while in France manners are more liberal than laws.

I have presented here a broad generalization. There are many exceptions, for America is a land of contrasts and contradictions. That is natural, considering the diversity of its population, its religion, its industries, and its geography. But essentially the governing forces in the United States symbolize pure reaction. Their policy out-Herods that of the French reactionaries, hands down. For that very reason the time is speedily coming when the present forces in control of America will precipitate their own ruin.

PIERRE LOTI

BY * * *

[This sympathetic review is probably colored by the sentiment of kinship that the Hungarians feel for the Turks.]

From *Pester Lloyd*, October 10
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

DEATH has just surprised one of the most gifted masters of the story-telling art, with his pen in his hand. Pierre Loti is dead, and his departure is a heavy loss for French letters, and for world letters as well. He was one of the most unique writers of our age. His first romance, *An Iceland Fisherman*, revealed his remarkable gift for reading the souls of such men as he there described. He already showed a sympathetic comprehension of qualities to which the so-called civilized city man of our day is usually blind. In his later works, such as *Oriental Phantoms*, *Jerusalem*, and the *Romance of a Spahi*, he pictures the Near East and the Far East with a subtle mastery of psychology and a refinement of touch that no other writer has attained.

The distinguished naval officer, Julien Viaud, whose pen name was Pierre Loti, was gifted above all his contemporaries and predecessors with a clearness of vision, a sympathetic comprehension, a sensitive sympathy, that enabled him to understand the sorrows and the pleasures of alien races, to separate appearance from reality, to explode false judgments and prejudices, and to make his subjects comprehensible to the European mind. He interpreted the Japanese almost better than Lafcadio Hearn, and the Mohammedans more truly and vividly than Gérard de Nerval and Théophile Gautier.

Loti's sensitive and refined nature had to endure the torture that many poets have suffered, that of seeing incomparable creations of their fancy caricatured upon the stage. His enchanting *Madame Chrysanthemum* sung herself to death as *Madame Butterfly*, and his appealing *Djenane* danced the shimmy to Western audiences in silk stockings. Nothing offended Loti more grievously than to hear the Orient, and in particular, Turkey, ridiculed or disparaged. His last tedious days on earth were certainly brightened by the news of the recent victories of his favorite nation. For even when the European Powers were gathered about what they believed to be the deathbed of the Sick Man of Europe, eager to seize his inheritance as soon as he expired, Loti extolled the noble qualities of the Turks. He was never deceived by the cheap abuse that statesmen used to justify the partition of the Ottoman Empire and to divide the spoils among its hungry neighbors.

In *The Disenchanted*, Loti describes a French novelist, living in Constantinople, to whom a Turkish princess gives her heart, and for whom she dies of secret and pure love. No author has portrayed so attractively the longing of modern Turkish women, tenderly reared as they are in ignorance of the world, to leave the confinement of the harem and win their freedom. Nor has

any other pictured with such convincing effect the Mohammedan's reverence and respect for tradition and religion.

In the story we have just mentioned a number of Turkish ladies discuss with a French novelist, who is one of its leading characters, a new book that he proposes to write. One of them says: 'Our friends tell us that you plan to write a book in defense of the Turkish woman of the twentieth century.' A second immediately inquires: 'What is the title to be?' 'I have not decided yet,' replies the writer. 'The idea has just come to me; but I am considering *The Disenchanted*.'

'*The Disenchanted*,' repeated the first speaker, slowly. 'A person is disenchanted only with a life that he or she has lived. We Turkish women want first of all to live. We are not disenchanted. We are in prison, annihilated, stifled!'

In another passage Loti quotes the letter of a Turkish woman who has been banished from a relatively liberal social circle in Constantinople, and compelled to live with her grandmother, a strict orthodox Mohammedan. 'If you could only see us here in this old-fashioned garden, sitting in the kiosk, with its wooden walls carved into an open tracery of scrolls and foliage, where I am now writing! Around the walls stand old-fashioned silk divans, the color of wilted rose leaves. We no longer wear European costume, but those of our grandmothers. Their color resembles the pale dried flowers you will find occasionally between the leaves of old books. . . . A Westerner can never understand what battles we have had to fight and still must fight to-day, therefore he will never understand us.'

Loti's works abound in keenly appreciative descriptions of Eastern life. For example, this passage, describing a Constantinople evening: —

'The voice of the muezzin poured forth its chanting intonations far above us, and other voices in the distance began to answer from the lofty minarets of Stamboul, until the accents drifted down to the sleeping gulf below, and mingled with the murmur of its answering waves. A listener might imagine that this harmony of voices descended from Heaven itself, to call together the faithful from every hand. But that lasted only a brief moment. Then, as the voices of the muezzins ceased proclaiming the ritual words handed down by religious tradition from a dim and remote past, a profound silence settled o'er the earth.

'Stamboul lay there wrapped in the cool purplish light of the sinking moon. She formed an enchanting picture that reflected itself in the waters of the gulf, and though familiar for years, never fails to evoke the same impression of pensive charm in the beholder. . . . A single sound broke this silence — a sound that has been heard every night in Constantinople for many centuries. It is a muffled *tack! tack! tack!* echoing mysteriously at regular intervals through the empty streets. The watchman of the quarter, slowly pacing along in his slippers, strikes the pavement at every step with his heavy iron-shod staff. Other watchmen answer in the same manner, until throughout all Constantinople, and along the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora as far as the coast of the Black Sea, this reiterated *tack! tack! tack!* seems to say to the people of the city: "Sleep in peace, we watch over you."

And in another place Loti writes: 'Spring came overnight — the enchanting spring of Constantinople. The icy wind of the Black Sea abruptly ceased. Warm sunshine brooded over the Bosphorus, the marble quays, the palaces, and the wooden houses of the city. Stamboul in the clear transparent air

resumed her characteristic expression of inexpressible Oriental repose. The dreamy meditative Turks began to appear abroad again, sitting in front of their tiny quiet coffee-houses, or gathering near their sacred mosques, and around the fountains, and under the aged plane trees. The smoke from thousands of nargiles hovered in the streets. Chattering swallows fluttered in an excited ecstasy around their nests. Ancient tombs and gray domes reposed tranquilly in the sunlight with an air of being indestructible and immortal. The distant shores of Asia and the motionless bosom of the Sea of Marmora were radiant with brilliant, glowing light.'

Last of all let me quote the following appreciation of the Turk: 'Late at night the real life of Pera, the so-called European city, really begins. Thither betake themselves Levantines of every race, who conceive that they are civilized because they wear Paris fashions. There they pursue their evening avocations. They settle down in wine and beer houses to have a jolly but noisy time. Wherever you go there is much drinking, singing, gaming, and dancing. Young people of the higher social rank, or those who affect to be, patronize the clubs and lose their money at hazard. They are pitiable, empty-minded, contemptible creatures, who think of nothing but distractions and pleasures, and are utterly incapable of serious occupations.

'What a contrast between them and the pious Mohammedans who wait in front of the mosques for the summons to evening prayer, that they may bow before Allah and appeal for his favor and blessing. When their day comes they will depart from this earthly life with calm composure, strong in their faith. Now the chant to prayer is heard from the lofty minarets. These dreamers arise slowly and one by one

pass through the sacred portals of the mosque. From every direction pious turbaned worshipers approach with composed and meditative steps. Before the muezzins' chant is ended, a long solemn procession is winding its way into the mosque. Within its vast interior two thousand men are bowed in prayer. A mournful wailing voice chanting in a high treble hovers over the silent multitude. The voice dies down as if from exhaustion, but speedily regathers strength and rises to a power and volume that lift its vibrant intonations to the remotest reaches of the lofty dome.

'The Turks prostrate themselves, bowing to the earth and touching the ground with their foreheads, all at the same moment, and with perfect rhythm. Again the voice is heard, but this time so low and gentle that it seems like a whisper filling the vast edifice with a mysterious murmur. Little lampshangling from the walls and ceiling by long cords throw a dim light over the half-visible worshipers. Tame pigeons, which nest in the dome above, flutter hither and thither over the heads of the praying thousands, without disturbing their solemn spirit of adoration. The emotion of the worshipers is so profound, their faith is so strong, that it seems as if their individual prayers were a single prayer, as if their spirits were lifted on high by a single impulse, as they prostrate themselves, and the voice of the chanter descends upon them from his high post above: "May Allah and the Caliph strengthen the hearts of the faithful and of the Turkish nation, and may their people have power and courage to perform prodigies of valor on the field of battle whenever the fatherland, Islam, or the Faith is in peril."

The poet was also a prophet. He recognized and encouraged the nobler ambitions of Turkish women. He fore-

saw and described how Stamboul would again come into her own. He hoped for and celebrated the victory of the Turks. At a time when Constantinople was sunk in the profoundest gloom, and all the world was heralding the overthrow of the Ottoman

Empire, he never lost heart. And the time came when Loti's weary eyes gazed from his deathbed upon his beloved city glowing in a new dawn. The sun shines again on his friends in the East, but for him its light is now gone forever.

AFGHANISTAN

BY NIKULIN

[Afghanistan was little known, and maintained no diplomatic representatives abroad, until three years ago, when, in one of the brief post-Armistice wars, she threw off Great Britain's fifty-year protectorate, with the encouragement and aid of Soviet Russia. By a treaty with England, signed in September 1921, she secured the right to maintain an embassy in London. It will be recalled that an official delegation from Afghanistan later visited the United States.]

From *Moscow Izvestiya*, September 1, 12
(OFFICIAL BOLSHEVIST DAILY)

IN order to understand Afghanistan's recent reforms, we must bear in mind that it is the only country that still preserves the spirit of militant Islam. Absolutism survives unmodified, except so far as the democratic spirit inherent in the teachings of Mohammed is a check on arbitrary government. The geographical isolation of Afghanistan, and the patriotic and religious fanaticism of its inhabitants, have enabled the country to resist successfully the corrupting Western influences that have so demoralized the ancient faith and standards of conduct in other Mohammedan lands.

The new policy has been subordinated to the condition that the introduction of Western ideas shall not weaken the spirit of Islamism or endanger the unity of the country. Consequently it began with the creation of a modern army. The instructors

are Turks, and the new army organization copies very closely that of Turkey. Formerly military service was for life, but under the new system, only young men are kept under arms.

In 1921 a constitution was promulgated by the Ameer. The form of government remains as autocratic as ever. Legislative and executive authority continue to reside in the hands of the ruler; but some administrative functions have been delegated to ministers. The Ameer himself acts as Prime Minister. The Legislature, known as the Council of State, is appointed by the Ameer. Torture and public executions have been abolished in theory, although they still continue in practice except in Kabul itself. In some of the provinces no less than thirty different methods of public execution are still used.

A school for women has been estab-

lished at Kabul, and several primary schools have been set up in the provinces. Compulsory school attendance has been decreed, though at present scarcely one person in a thousand can read and write. For the first time in history a press has come into existence, and five periodical publications have already been established. Last of all, in January 1921, slavery was abolished.

The greatest difficulty that the new Government has faced has been to find men competent to carry out its reforms. The old officials were strenuously opposed to these innovations; and it proved necessary, early in 1922, to depose at a single stroke all the former provincial governors. The new officials no longer wear national costumes, but dress in amusingly correct European fashion. Their offices are equipped with modern desks and chairs, and government clerks have been forbidden to sit on the floor while performing their duties.

In fact, the new bureaucracy is adopting the externals of European culture with amazing speed, copying slavishly what the British Government does in India. Motor-cycles and automobiles are taking the place of Arab horses, and the new generation of Afghans is eager to visit Berlin, Vienna, and Paris. However, transportation of necessity is still mostly by camel and horseback, though some highways are now under construction, and it is possible to travel by automobile from Kabul to Kandahar. There is also telephone communication between these cities.

The old generation submits to these changes with obvious reluctance. Those who remember the wars with England in 1878 and 1881 are rather puzzled over what they should do. On the one hand they are flattered because their ancient enemy, Great Britain, has recognized their country's independence.

On the other hand, they refuse to become reconciled to the new methods of government. Some of them realize that formal independence does not spell economic freedom, and prefer the primitive economy of the past to the new but entangling improvements that they see impending. The younger generation is eager to emulate Japan, and has succeeded in preserving the old national spirit while entering upon the road of modern progress.

I chanced to be in a city where one of the retiring governors was awaiting the arrival of the appointee who was to succeed him. The old man sat on a carpet in his courtyard while his horses were led before him. Only three persons were in attendance, for his twenty-seven-year-old successor was already entering the city and the crowd were eager to greet him. Thus the new Afghan, with his love for European improvements, is taking the place of the boastful, cruel, courageous, but fiercely loyal and patriotic native of the older era.

A Turkish officer was once describing to one of these old provincial governors the wonders of Paris and London. The governor listened in silence, and then inquired: 'Have you ever been in Kabul?'

When the officer replied that he had not, the old governor shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, as if to say: 'What is Paris or London compared with Kabul!'

The most notable sight in Kabul is the bazaar, which consists of rows of covered shops occupying the centre of the city. In 1841 the original bazaar, spared even by Timour when he swept over Afghanistan, was destroyed by the retreating British troops. However, it is still a veritable labyrinth. Through its intricate passages moves an endless stream of human beings, and heavily laden camels, donkeys, and

horses. At times this crowd opens a moment for some high officer or nobleman to gallop through. Here, as everywhere in the Orient, it is considered a mark of special distinction for important personages to ride through the bazaar as swiftly as possible, knocking aside the moving crowd and the beasts of burden.

The air is filled with pungent odors of foods and sweets, which in the heat of midday become almost intolerable. Although the cemeteries in Afghanistan are outside of the city, and not, as in old Bokhara, on the roofs of the dwellings, there is no sanitation, and a protracted shopping-tour is hardly to be recommended. Dozens of emaciated dogs wander through the bazaar passages or lie sprawling in the middle of the road; and equally apathetic and emaciated beggars abound everywhere.

At one end of the bazaar is a platform where the money-changers make their headquarters. These are Parsis, each of whom has a red spot painted between the eyebrows. They are fire-worshippers, and in India are hated by the Hindus as over-keen traders and exorbitant money-lenders. They are very prosperous in Afghanistan.

Near a gunsmith's shop, where arms of all sorts—from curved Afghan sabres to modern repeating rifles—are on exhibition, stands a group of mountaineers from the Indian frontier eagerly examining the display. A European is a rare sight, and whenever one appears he is immediately surrounded by a curious crowd. In the clothing shops you can buy anything from local apparel to gold-ornamented British uniforms. Shoe stores are hung with footgear that reminds you of the Thousand and One Nights. Small jewelry shops have on sale the broad bands that the local population uses for bracelets and rings. The saddlers' shops exhibit, side by side with regula-

tion European harness, beautiful saddles adorned with silver inlays and precious stones.

A portion of the bazaar consists of Hindu shops, selling European goods; these establishments are much more presentable and clean than those of the natives. Here, too, one can purchase now and then an old dagger with an ivory handle, or a Kashmir shawl, or a coin of the time of Alexander the Great, or a handwritten book that is centuries old. Here and there the visitor comes upon a tearoom and restaurant, or an opium den, where soldiers and merchants go to smoke chandoo or hashish. At the fruit shops, which are filled with grapes, cantaloupes, and pomegranates, mostly brought from Jalalabad, a small copper coin will buy more fruit than a man can carry.

Meanwhile the crowd moves on, filling the air with guttural cries, and occasionally pausing when someone falls writhing to the ground with cholera convulsions. No one is disturbed by such an incident. Life and death are in the hands of God; and men continue as before, to drink from the filthy canal and to eat enormous quantities of unwashed grapes and melons.

Bazaars in the smaller towns are built on the same plan as the one at Kabul. But at Herat, for example, the very centre of the bazaar is occupied by the public execution grounds; and there you may see a human body suspended from a roof, while directly underneath bread and other food are sold. At the gates of Kabul another sort of execution is very common. Here thieves are punished by having the palms of their hands chopped off, after which the culprits are dragged through the bazaar by ropes tied to their necks.

Outside the walls of Herat, some of

which date from the days of Timour, one meets camel caravans, or trains of donkeys laden with dried twigs. In the rice fields that surround the city, above which swarms of mosquitoes hang after sundown, peasants bend over their work in water reaching to their knees. On the square before the city gates a detachment of soldiers is being put through a course in European tactics. Sometimes a troop of cavalry is being trained. Whenever a mounted soldier fails to stop his horse exactly at the entrance of the gate, and passes through instead, two soldiers, specially stationed there for the purpose, beat him on the back with long staffs.

But Kabul is already different. The city is no longer confined within its walls, and its general appearance betrays the effects of European ideas. There motor-cycles and automobiles dash back and forth past caravans wending their way to India along the Peshawar road. Kabul even has a radio station. After sundown, thousands of believers gather in front of mosques and pray, turning their faces toward Mecca. Following the evening prayer and the swift sunset, — for darkness falls quickly here, as everywhere in the south, — the electric street-lights suddenly flash out, and military bands march through the city, in full uniform, playing for the popular amusement. At nine o'clock in winter, and ten in summer, a single cannon shot is heard. A half-hour before that, however, the streets grow empty. After the cannon-shot, the whole city is deserted.

Merchants are an important and in-

fluent class. Their property and profession are handed down from father to son. Some of them are immensely wealthy. They, of course, dominate the bazaars.

Only two years ago slaves were sold and bought in the bazaars of Afghanistan. Slavery first grew up in the seventeenth century, during the period of the tribal wars. At first only prisoners of war were enslaved, but gradually the institution spread to other classes. Owners had the right to sell their slaves and the children of their slaves. Prices in the bazaars ranged from 100 to 400 rupees, or less than half that sum in dollars. The Ameer's recent firman abolishing slavery is a very interesting document. It reads as follows: —

It is most deplorable that many honorable persons are at the present time owners of slaves, both men and women, though the possession of women slaves is directly forbidden by the holiest Shariat. Free nations and tribes of Islam cannot hold slaves. Therefore all persons who are now held in slavery must at once be liberated. Any owner of slaves who has had connubial relations with a woman slave and has children by her must immediately marry her. Any man having women slaves after the promulgation of this order shall be fined from one to two thousand rupees. All sale of women slaves is forbidden.

Slaves were ordered to be set free in Kabul in the course of one month, and in other cities and towns in the course of three months. The order was promulgated in January 1921, and by March of that year, according to the report of the Central Police Administration, 21 men slaves and 673 women slaves had been emancipated.

MY EXPULSION — MY EXILE

BY LEON TROTSKII

[The Editor of the Revue Mondiale appends a note to this article assuring the readers that the publication of an extract from Trotskii's memoirs does not mean that the Revue has gone over to Bolshevism; and justifies their publication by the fact that they are 'très amusantes' and 'pleines de talent.']

From *La Revue Mondiale*, October 15
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS SEMIMONTHLY)

Two police inspectors were waiting for me at my room. One of them was a little chap, almost an old man, with a flat nose and Slavic features, though a little too shrewd for that type. The other was an enormous bald-headed fellow about forty-five years old, and black as a poker. Both wore ill-fitting clothes, and when they answered a question they invariably made a gesture as though to give a military salute.

The old chap treated me with insinuating politeness. 'You will help us to do our duty (in other words, you will make no resistance). If you do so we will turn you loose at the Spanish frontier without putting you in the hands of the police.' Then, addressing my wife, he added, 'Madame might present herself at the office of the Prefect.' (To secure authority to join me later.)

While I was bidding adieu to my friends and my family, these secret agents discreetly withdrew just outside the door. Two policemen were waiting below with an automobile. The inspectors took my luggage and carried it down. When we left, the older man lifted his hat to my wife several times, murmuring, 'Excuse me, Madame.'

The pussyfoot who had shadowed me every moment of the past two months was exceedingly courteous. He tucked in our robes and shut the door of the

automobile. We started. An express train. A third-class compartment. By the time we were comfortably settled we had become better acquainted. The older inspector had some knowledge of geography. He talked about Tomsk, Irkutsk, Kazan, Novgorod, and the Fair. He knew Spain and spoke Spanish.

The other, the big black fellow, did not say a word for a long time, but sat apart from us over in his corner. Then he suddenly blurted out: 'The Latin race is standing still; the others are getting ahead of us.' As he said this he cut up a piece of ham, which he held in his hairy, dirty hand, on which he wore several heavy rings. 'What are we doing in a literary way? Decadence everywhere. It is the same with philosophy. We have produced nothing since Descartes and Pascal. The Latin race is standing still.'

I listened with surprise for what might follow, but he was silent for a time munching his ham sandwich. Then he said, in parenthesis between his swallows: 'You have Tolstoi, but we can understand Ibsen better than Tolstoi.' After this he was silent again.

The old fellow, piqued by this avalanche of knowledge, commenced to describe to me the importance of the Trans-Siberian railway. By way of completing his remark, and softening

down at the same time the pessimistic statement of his colleague, he added: 'Yes, we lack initiative. Everyone wants to be a government employee. It is unfortunate, but you can't deny it.'

I listened to them with considerable interest. It was getting dark outside, and we could see nothing of the country. I was excited by my recent experience and could not fall asleep. Our conversation was resumed. It turned to my expulsion and the surveillance under which I had lived at Paris. The two inspectors knew all about it from my shadowers. They warmed up upon this theme: 'Shadow? But that is impossible in these days! It does no good unless the man who is being watched knows nothing about it. Is n't that so? But with the facilities we have to-day for getting about, that is impossible. The taxicabs have ruined shadowing. A man who is being shadowed should be forbidden to take a taxi. Only under such conditions can you shadow a man effectively.'

The dark fellow yawned. The older man interposed in a conciliatory way: 'We often shadow, unfortunately, without ourselves knowing why.'

'We fellows on the force are skeptics,' interrupted the dark man vehemently. 'You have your ideas. It is our duty to defend existing institutions. Take the great Revolution! What a ferment of ideas! The encyclopædists! Jean Jacques! Voltaire! And fourteen years after the Revolution the people were worse off than ever. Read Taine! Jaurès blamed Jules Ferry because his Government was not progressive. Ferry replied: "Governments are never the trumpeters of Revolutions." But we men of the police force are, from the nature of our office, conservatives. Skepticism is the only philosophy that suits our profession. When you get to the bottom of things, no one is free to choose his path through life. Free will

does not exist. Everything is determined by circumstances.'

And with a skeptical grimace he took a long draft of red wine out of a bottle. Finally corking the bottle, he continued: 'Renan says: "New ideas always come too late." That is right!' But as he said this he cast a suspicious glance at my hand, that I had accidentally rested on the door latch. In order to reassure him, I thrust both my hands into my pockets.

Presently we reached Bordeaux, the capital of the red-wine country and but yesterday the provisional capital of France, when the enemy approached too close to Paris. The order of the day of the French bourgeoisie was: 'The frontier on the Rhine, or the capital at Bordeaux!'

I escorted M. Pablo Iglesias, the Spanish Socialist leader, over this same route when they expelled him from Spain. We had a very good trip and some agreeable conversation. A charming fellow.'

'No man is great to us policemen, more than to his own valet,' said the fellow with the dark complexion. 'At the same time they always need us. Governments change, but we stay on.'

Finally we reached the last station on the French side of the frontier, Hendaye.

'Our romantic patriot, Déroulède, lives down there. It is enough for him to see the mountains of France. An actual Don Quixote in his Spanish corner.'

The dark fellow smiled indulgently.

'For my part I could live here always,' continued the older man, 'in a little cottage, and never tire of watching the sea all day long. . . .'

'Ah, be so kind, sir, just follow me to the station master.'

At the Irún railway station a French gendarme addressed a question to me, but my companions made some sort of

Masonic sign. 'I understand,' replied the gendarme, and turning around began to wash his sunburned hands at a faucet, as if nothing had happened. But he could not keep his eyes off me, and asked our skeptic: 'Where's the other?' To which the latter replied, 'Down there, at the Special Commissioner's.' Then, turning toward me, he added in a low voice: 'He has to know everything.'

He led me rapidly through what seemed endless passages in the railway station. 'We are managing it pretty well, are we not? You can take the tramway from Irún to San Sebastián. You merely act like a tourist so as not to arouse the suspicions of the Spanish police. They are very distrustful. And now you no longer know me. Is it not so?'

So we parted politely.

San Sebastián is the capital of the Basques. Tossing waves, sea gulls, white caps, fresh air, and spaciousness. The message that the ocean seems to murmur in my ear is that man is born to be a smuggler, but that unanticipated circumstances prevent. Spaniards in caps, ladies in mantillas. More color, more noise, than the other side of the Pyrenees. A road, a plaza, and again, the sea. Fine weather and no spies. The sea is beautiful here and at Nice. Here Nature is not so gentle; she has more 'pep.'

It goes better here; but the people are very lazy. In the shops they sell their goods deliberately, and the shopkeepers are great psychologists. The banks are shut no matter what hour you come. Much bigotry. At the head of my bed in the hotel is an edifying picture, *The Death of the Sinner*. It represents a devil carrying off his victim, in spite of all the efforts of a good priest, with a very sad angel standing by. The last thing I think about when

I go to sleep, and the first thing I think about when I wake up, is the safety of my soul.

At the movie-shows the lovers, before they kiss, exchange rings, while the orchestra plays *Ave Maria*. On the street corners you meet policemen, very unsoldierly looking men with clubs. The military uniforms here are most complex affairs and do not look businesslike. My hotel bill is written in an unknown language that I conjecture is intended to be French, but the figures are in plain Arabic. Alas, they allow no ambiguity as to their meaning. San Sebastián is a watering-place, and the prices measure up to that fact. I must hurry on.

Madrid. The railway station. I am assailed from every side by porters, newsboys, bootblacks, guides, vendors of all kinds, and beggars. In a word, it is the same crowd you meet everywhere in the three southern peninsulas of Europe — the Pyrenees, the Apennines, the Balkans.

When a mob precipitates itself upon you on your arrival in a city, grabbing your valises, seeking to polish your shoes, — one polisher to each foot, — trying to sell you newspapers, lobsters, nuts, and everything imaginable, you can be sure that the sanitation of the town is wretched, that there is much counterfeit money in circulation, that the prices in the shops are exorbitant, and that bugs abound in the hotel. I have knocked about a good deal in my life, but I have never become inured to these things. The result is that whenever I visit Bucharest or Belgrade I go about with my shoes shining like mirrors, and a pocketful of counterfeit coins.

Hôtel de Paris. A very modest hotel of the provincial type. No one speaks French. I make my wants known by a sort of rudimentary mimicry. My hos-

tess does not even know Esperanto, of which I am, in any case, completely ignorant. Worse still, she cannot even read her native tongue! By means of her ten fingers she informs me with sufficient clearness the prices of her rooms, which are above all reason. When I try to express to her this simple idea, her face distorts with an expression of horror, and she shows her pretty teeth. In the end I resign myself to paying what she asks.

Near the Palais Royal a guide takes possession of me by force. He shows me a guard mount, which I could see quite as well without his aid. It is a rather pleasant ceremony, with its decorative uniforms and stirring music, but lasts so long that I tire of it. Then the guide drags me off to show me a collection of ancient weapons. In horrible French he explains to me things that I could read without his aid on the cards attached to them. In the Cathedral, which is not yet finished, this guide, who regards me now as a piece of personal property, points out the tombs of the great Spaniards who have bought part of the Cathedral as a last resting-place for themselves and their families.

They themselves superintended the erection and adornment of their final resting-place, and lavished money without stint upon their future monuments. Some of the marble niches bear signs to show that they are for sale or for rent. One of them was recently bought by the King for Queen Mercedes, as my guide told me with a gesture of respect. Later on he led me to the highest bridge in Madrid, and dwelt at length on the advantages it afforded for committing suicide.

At luncheon at the hotel a commercial traveler, a blue-eyed Parisian, criticized the indolence and lack of initiative exhibited by the Spaniards. People work in France, in England, and unfortunately in Germany, but not

here. Whom do they favor in the war? They are inclined to favor Germany. There are 35,000 Germans here who are working their heads off and wield great influence. At Barcelona it is different. There everybody is for France. But here they are all for Germany. At Madrid the people do not even know how to make profit from the war.

Two classes of public buildings in Madrid are remarkable—churches and banks. Old Spain confided her treasures to her Church. Noblemen spent and still spend millions upon their family sepulchres and for Masses for their souls. Their marble tombs adorned with gold are exposed in full public view, as irrefragable proof of their solid standing in Heaven.

But Spain is now putting most of her money in the banks, instead of into the Church, and the banks have erected buildings that are true temples of gorgeous business luxury. The number of these institutions seems to be countless. They alternate with the churches and the big cafés. Here is the magnificent new home of the Rio de la Plata Bank under construction.

However, it would not be fair to represent these two buttresses of Spanish society as enemies. The Church and the banks are not engaged in a death struggle. The millions that the pious noblemen have paid for the privilege of having sepulchres in the great churches, and for Masses for their souls, have been deposited by the holy Fathers in the banks. And the banks, in turn, finance the building of new churches.

For the first time in my life I am in a city where I know no one and no one knows me. Literally nobody. More than that, I am ignorant of the language. When I sit in a café and listen to the incessant flow of rapid conversation around me, I cannot distinguish a single word. I am in an ideal situation

to study the country, but not prepared to take advantage of it.

Spain, so far as I have seen it, — and I have hardly had a glimpse of it as yet, — resembles Rumania; or, rather, Rumania is Spain without her past. Here is the new General Post Office, all colonnades and turrêts. Temple architecture dominates even here. They call the General Post Office, sarcastically, Notre Dame des Postes. But there is a true temple of art, — the Madrid Art Gallery. The edifice, the lighting — that is nothing: you have the Louvre, the Luxembourg, Versailles; but the pictures here in Madrid are better. I do not know if they are better than those of the Louvre, but the Madrid Art Gallery is very beautiful.

After the noise and confusion of the city streets, where I felt like a helpless nonentity, I greeted with joy these priceless art treasures, and I felt, as I always have, that in art you behold visibly before you true eternity. Rembrandt, Ribera, the paintings of Bosch, magnificent in their evidence of unlabored genius and of the joy of living. An old attendant loaned me a lens through which to examine the tiny figures of peasants, asses, and dogs in a picture by Miel.

To-day I received a letter from Paris, addressed to the French International-Socialist, Després. He is here as the manager of an insurance company. I have looked him up. In spite of his bourgeois occupation, he is hostile to the Nationalist policies of his party. He is for Zimmerwald and Kiental. He informed me at length as to the policy of the Spanish Socialist Party, which is wholly under the influence of French Nationalist Socialism. There is no serious opposition to this, except at Barcelona among the Syndicalists.

'From the Nationalist standpoint there is no great difference between the Spaniard and the Frenchman,' said

Després. 'The Spaniard is an uneducated Frenchman. Of course they have the *corrida*, but at bottom that is a mere detail. Their laziness? That is exaggerated. In my force I have fifteen Spanish employees, and I get the same amount of work out of them that I should get out of fifteen Frenchmen. It is only necessary to know how to treat them, and to stimulate their industry by appealing to their sense of duty.'

The French language has no tonic accent, while such an accent is indispensable in Spanish. The Spanish place their interrogation point at the beginning of a sentence, in order that the reader may prepare his face and his voice to express a question. The Spaniards are very photogenic. The matching of Spanish grace against Parisian chic is very general here. I do not know how it may be at Seville and Granada — in real Spain; but at Madrid Spanish grace is no more, in a way, than a provincial Parisian chic.

Old Spanish houses, with their long passages and interminable windings, are being converted into hotels, and at the same time they are building immense new hotels. The Palace with its huge café is one of the most pretentious in Europe. Nearly all Madrid might play billiards in its café. The patrons are bombarded on every hand by cinema exhibitions, orchestras, and singing. One whole wall is taken up with a line of boot-polishing chairs, with all the utensils of that trade. Just beyond is an automatic fortune-telling device, where you drop ten centimes into a slot and get a little piece of paper with your fortune printed on it. Just at present, however, the Palace Hotel is nearly empty. '*C'est la guerre.*'

This boot-blackening business is a cult. In Puerta del Sol there is an immense establishment entirely devoted to this service. Dozens of ladies and gentle-

men are always seated there in two rows, faced by two ranks of kneeling bootblacks.

Old Madrid is gloomy. Its comfortless dirty houses repel the visitor. In the suburbs one finds houses like those at home in Russia. Many people sleep under the hedges on the damp ground. One sees a great number of mules in the streets with huge panniers on both sides and peasant women seated on their backs. It is just as it was in the days of Dulcinea del Toboso, or even of her father.

A great clamor of voices is always to be heard in the streets at night. Sometimes you will awake startled, thinking

there must be a fire, to discover that a group of people are merely holding a conversation under your window. They are not quarreling, but merely talking. Although the Spaniards are really very strict in their religious observances, the priests smoke in the street. I planned to visit the secretary of the Socialist Party, but he was in prison for fifteen days, because he had written a disrespectful article about a Catholic saint. Fifteen days in jail is a light sentence. In former times he would have been burned at the stake.

What skeptic will dare after this to question the blessings of democratic progress!

CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH'S LETTERS

[Crown Prince Rudolph, the only son of Emperor Francis Joseph, whose mysterious and violent death in 1889 has never been satisfactorily explained, left little if any impression on the political events of his time. His recently published letters to a friend have, however, aroused some speculation from those curious in such subjects, as to what might have been the fate of Europe if this liberal prince and Emperor Frederick III of Germany had lived to reign as long as their fathers did.]

From *Arbeiter Zeitung*, October 1, 3
(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE SOCIALIST DAILY)

THERE are still a few fantastic people who even now imagine that the old moribund, decayed Austro-Hungarian monarchy really had a mission in the world. They torment themselves with barren speculations on what might have been if . . . We warmly recommend to these people Crown Prince Rudolph's political letters. They were addressed to his friend, the elder Szeps, editor-in-chief of the *Wiener Tagblatt*, an influential and well-known journalist of the 80's and 90's.

This correspondence gives us, for the first time, a clear impression of the

Crown Prince, who has hitherto been a vague figure enveloped in the mist of legend. He certainly was an unexpected and unique character; a liberal, anticlerical, antinobility Hapsburg, a man who thought and spoke like a Simon-pure Liberal of the late lamented United Left. The passages that relate to public affairs at home read like quotations from Szeps's own editorials; and the articles that the Crown Prince published anonymously in the *Tagblatt* betray, in both content and style, fair journalistic talent — obviously trained under the direction

of the elder Szeps, and mimicking his peculiarities.

Referring to the notorious amendment to the school laws adopted in 1883, Rudolph writes:—

This step backwards, this debasing act! How our proud, liberal, and progressive Austria has changed in a few years! These are sad times, and what has just occurred is merely the first step on the road to reaction. We are going back to the Concordat!

Again, Rudolph congratulates Szeps on his fiftieth birthday as follows:—

Moreover I wish you, as a public man, as a true Austrian, many years of unimpaired vigor, to stand as a courageous warrior in the front ranks, fighting for the principles of true enlightenment, true culture, humanity, and liberal progress. We are closely akin in ideals and opinions. We are striving toward the same goal.

In another place he says, 'True to my liberal principles which I believe are the only right principles.'

In fact that was the real Austrian liberalism of those days, with its weakness for fine phrases, its blindness to the realities of life. But the Crown Prince was prudent in his opposition to the Clericals. He published a pamphlet against spiritualism, but insisted that his authorship should be kept a strict secret, because he wrote things 'that would not please the adherents and protagonists of positive religion, of whom we have many influential and energetic examples among us.' Rudolph hated Taaffe—at that time Premier—and still more the feudal Bohemian nobility. In a contribution which he sent Szeps for his paper, he is not unwittingly sarcastic at the expense of certain young noblemen of high rank, who indulged by way of an evening entertainment, in smashing in the windows of a Jew's house in Prague. They were arrested for the offense, but immediately released with many polite

apologies. In a note accompanying this article, the Crown Prince says, 'If a poor working lad were to smash a Jew's window there would be a great furore about it, but these feudal gentry are not to be disturbed in their amusements.'

Crown Prince Rudolph was unmeasured in his condemnation of Taaffe and his futile Cabinet.

We live in evil days; financial swindles, theft, rogues in high places, arbitrary government, arbitrary suspension of constitutional rights, corruption, political degeneracy—that is, in a few words, my idea of the present state of affairs. I am curious, merely as a quiet observer, to see how long an old, solid structure like Austria will take to begin to crack at every joint and tumble in ruins. . . . The present Cabinet seems more securely in the saddle than ever. We must concede that Count Taaffe has a tapeworm tenacity of life.

Taaffe was, for the Crown Prince, merely a tool of the oligarchy that was fighting modern culture and opposing bitterly the solid phalanx of the educated middle classes; in this struggle he appealed to 'influences which it will be impossible to exclude from public life later.' Here the Crown Prince refers to the intrigues of the aristocratic leaders, especially the two Princes Lichtenstein, the first of whom was the leader of the Clericals in the House of Nobles, and the second one of the founders of the Christian Socialist party. It was the latter who conspired with the editor-in-chief of the clerical organ *Das Vaterland*, the well known Baron Vogelsang, to incite certain anarchists and labor groups to armed insurrection.

The Crown Prince refers to this plot in a letter dated February 15, 1884:—

To-day Krticzka, Chief of the Police Department, called on me and was remarkably talkative. . . . You will be amused at something I have discovered, something

concerning the Lichtensteins. The secret meeting was held at Schneider's in the Währing. Baron Vogelsang presented his Socialist acquaintance to the two Princes. It was there that the famous pamphlet was concocted. The Princes had to pay a good sum to their emissary, the Radical labor leader, Strotz, who was to make a tour of the factories in their behalf, learn the condition of the working people, and excite them against their employers and the Government.

The Socialists are making all sorts of fun of these noble patriots and their schemes, but manage to squeeze a lot of money out of them. Strotz, who belongs to the extreme Radicals in the Labor Party, has absconded. When the Princes learned this, one of them created a scene with the Chief of Police in the lobby of the Lower House. The other posted off to police headquarters to intercede for his friend, but accomplished nothing. When I asked what the efficient and energetic police department was going to do with Prince Alois Lichtenstein, Krticzka answered, 'Well, we have not got enough evidence to prove anything; he has certainly been exciting anarchists. If he were not a prince we'd pull him, and have him up before the magistrate, and have him warned; but naturally we cannot do that under the circumstances.' *Sancta simplicitas!* That was all the brave fellow could say.

The Crown Prince then relates how he impressed upon the Chief of Police in most unambiguous terms what he thought of the whole present system, and describes how he enjoyed the embarrassed look of the good man, who did not dare to say either yes or no. In this instance, however, the Crown Prince was unjust. How else could poor Krticzka treat a Crown Prince?

Rudolph describes in a previous letter a conversation with Tisza about the anti-Semite persecutions instigated by Austrian aristocrats in Hungary, adding:—

The Emperor apologized for the fact that these gentlemen had gone down to Hun-

gary; adding in an irritated tone, that 'no one could bring a Schwarzenberg or a Lichtenstein to his senses,' or venture to order him about.

However, the most remarkable passages in Rudolph's letters are those relating to Germany. A lying legend of the Hapsburgs has it that the Crown Prince was a devoted champion of the German alliance and a warm friend of Emperor William. We learn here from his own pen that he was an enemy and a hater of Germany, as all the Hapsburgs were at heart. His abhorrence of that country sprang from several grounds. Like most of the Austrian Liberals of the old school, he was an admirer of France.

I am a friend of the French, and have a deep affection for their country. We are enormously indebted to France as the fountain-head of all the liberal ideals and institutions of our continent, and in every supreme crisis, when great thoughts begin to manifest themselves in acts, she is our example and leader. What is Germany, however, except an overgrown Prussian *soldateska* and a purely military State? How did Germany utilize the year 1870? Merely to add a Kaiser to her host of petty kings and princelets! She has to pay for a much larger army than before; and visions of unity and empire—fostered and drilled into the people by soldiers, policemen and rigid bureaucrats, and supported by partly spontaneous, partly incalculated patriotism—hover before the points of her bayonets.

But the contempt that the Crown Prince shows for German unity is ridiculously inconsistent with his attitude toward Austrian unity. Himself a zealous soldier, he longs to draw a sword for Bosnia, and believes the unity of the Hapsburg empire is a necessity 'because the territory that we occupy cannot vanish.' His hostility to the Germans as a people is also surprising, since in Austria itself he was an ardent champion of the Ger-

mans against the Slavs, and he recognized that the alliance with Germany strengthened the German-Austrians in their own country. Rudolph also realized that the German alliance was a guaranty of Austria's survival. Yet he rejoices maliciously — and with remarkable prevision — when he discovers from the first speeches that William II delivered after ascending the throne, that this monarch was fated to be the destroyer of Germany. True inborn Hapsburg hatred of the Germans and genuine Hapsburg delight in the misfortunes of others ring out in the following words: —

William II is making his own destiny. He will soon cause hopeless confusion in old Europe. I feel that he is just the man for that. (Omission by the Editor.) He is energetic and self-willed. (Omission by the Editor.) Considers himself the supreme genius; what more would you have? In a few years he will put Hohenzollern Germany just where she deserves to be.

We see that the Hapsburgs were as bitter in their hatred of the Germans as Clemenceau himself. Moritz Szeps, Rudolph's journalist-mentor, to whom these letters were written, was in fact an intimate friend of Clemenceau, and passionately attached to everything French, from *l'esprit gaulois* to French cooking.

Germany was probably never more devoted to peace than during the last years of the Bismarck régime. None the less, Rudolph was constantly attributing to Bismarck secret designs to attack by surprise Germany or Russia.

I long thought Bismarck an honorable man. Now I am deeply suspicious, and have been for some time, of Berlin. I have reasons for this. Why are they encouraging the Conservative parties here? Why are they so glad that we are drifting steadily toward absolutism? Because they want to use Austria to attack the East.

It was not until after his Berlin visit in 1887, shortly before the death of William I, that Rudolph changed his tone: —

People at Berlin want peace. The Kaiser [William I] is in a very bad way. The Crown Prince, [later Kaiser Frederick III] has one foot in the grave. Prince William is a semi-invalid, not to be taken seriously. The Government wants good relations with Russia, not from love of that country but from consciousness of its own weakness. Berlin is feeble with old age.

Rudolph's satisfaction at finding Berlin 'feeble with old age' inclines him for a moment to admit that Germany really desires peace; but whenever Berlin makes a friendly overture to Austria, his suspicions are again aroused. 'Prussia is propitiating only when she is looking for something.' This sentence is repeated with variations over and over. At the same time Rudolph is constantly alarmed lest Russia attack Austria.

On the whole, however, the picture of the Crown Prince that we receive from these letters is a pleasant and winning one. When we recall the cold, cruel, callous court manner of his father, Francis Joseph, or the rough, despotic character of half-mad Francis Ferdinand, or Charles's childlike moral insensibility and unpredictability, Rudolph appears by contrast as a man of fairly average gifts and education — a man who might fit usefully into some chink in the world. He had respect for the bourgeois liberalism of the time; but he had no comprehension whatsoever of the labor movement which was just then beginning to attract attention. He was marvellously free from the prejudice, self-pride, and incapacity to understand his fellow men, so universal in the aristocratic caste. For instance, he associated with Szeps on a footing of absolute equality, invited him to call often, and shared — almost

as a member of the domestic circle — in the family anniversaries of his friend. To be sure it does not speak well for Rudolph's knowledge of men that, during his seven years intimate association with Szeps, he did not discover that the latter was an unscrupulous journalist and politician. The same naïve unfamiliarity with real life is indicated in his constant fear lest his letters be opened. He is almost childlike in his flattered delight because his harmless opposition to the statesmen in power caused certain conservative noblemen to refer to him as 'incalculable.'

Not a strong character, not a man of mark; but an engaging fellow! As a political thinker he was inconsistent

and confused. He greeted the prospect of Germany's overthrow with delighted anticipation, although he realized that Germany's support was essential to Austria both abroad and at home. He was equally blind in his attitude toward the agitation of the different nationalities within the Austro-Hungarian empire. He persisted in regarding these movements as mere feudal intrigues, for which he knew no better remedy than brute force: —

I am more and more coming to the conviction that in the long run the army is the ultimate protector and supporter of government and order, and that it must step in with an iron hand to rescue the bourgeoisie and constitutional government.

MINE OWN COUNTRY

BY N. TEFFI

[Madame Teffi (Nadezhda Aleksandrovna Buchinskaja) is a brilliant Russian authoress, some of whose sketches have been previously published in the Living Age. The following is taken from a collection of her writings published in Stockholm in 1921-1922 under the title, Razskazy.]

We sat on a stone bench on a hill of Fiesole and watched the panorama of Florence under the evening light. The rosy sun was slowly melting away, the bluish shadows were silently falling upon the violet hills where the slender cypresses stood motionless, like candlesticks on an altar. These are the same hills which Leonardo lovingly portrayed in the window of Gioconda. Florence, sinking to slumber, smiled as she did for him long ago.

We had just returned from a long walk, a visit to an ancient theatre, recently excavated, and to the monastery of San Francisco, where a handsome

young monk, girded with a rope, played Wagner on the organ. He — this monk — is called, sweetly, Fra Caramello. He is very talented. Our Russian snobs run to look at and hear Caramello, having, for the sake of politeness, to donate to the monastery. He walks like Duncan and plays like Saint Cecilia — so the people say.

Now we are sitting on the stone bench called 'The English lady's divan.' An Englishwoman who had fallen in love with the view from this point built the bench at her own expense — hence its name. We are resting. We have bought from a dirty girl

with shaggy hair like that of a brown goat some peaches and several bunches of grapes, which are heavy and fragrant, sweet as if dripping with honey. The peaches are so rosy and downy that before biting into them you involuntarily stroke their chubby cheeks.

A group of Italian loafers eye us as though this were their regular occupation. One, growing tired of staring at us, turns away, rests a while, and then begins to eye us anew.

A stocky old man with a guitar approaches. Leaning against the stone wall and throwing his head back, he begins to sing in two alternating voices. The resulting impression is that two are singing — first a man, his voice passionate and deep, then a woman, her answer sweet and high.

Our guide, a young Italian with black eyes, grows ardent: 'This is our new canzonetta; he won the prize this year. Every year we have a competition. Listen — how lovely!'

The old man sings beautifully. Even without understanding the words one feels them, so passionately pleading the man's voice and so sweetly quavering the woman's.

'He sings of her golden hair,' our Italian translates: "'Your golden hair is like the golden feathers on the angels' wings. . . .'"

We enjoy and admire. The Italian translates snatches of the tender song, and, half closing his eyes, watches the rosy-blue evening city.

'Firenze, mia Firenze!'

How he did love his city-flower!

Here at Fiesole there was sitting with us Vasiuka Ponomarev. Vasiuka was our Novgorod storekeeper's son. We had known him almost from his childhood, when he was a fat-cheeked high-school student who had eaten in secret — a tragic story — the birthday cake which his mother had prepared

for the twenty guests at his birthday party.

We also remembered how, when he was in his teens, his father gave him a sound thrashing with the aid of three policemen. The beating was urgently needed and it had very beneficial results. The situation was this: his parents had, aside from Vasiuka, three older sons, every one of whom, when entering upon adolescence, had gone wrong, had refused to study, had acquired indecent habits, and finally had turned out to be a hopeless drunkard. Only in the case of Vasiuka had old Ponomarev figured out a remedy in time. Vasiuka, after the thrashing, took again to study and finally graduated from the university. Now the old people had sent their 'blockhead son' to travel.

We met Vasiuka in Florence. He moped over the palaces and museums, with their mediæval, age-old dust; he followed us everywhere, always indifferent to everything, as though he were our hired servitor.

And here, at Fiesole, Vasiuka sighed, and turning his back to the beauties of Florence he scratched the stone wall with his finger nail. In his dismal, drooping, heavy figure, in his helpless, awkwardly turned-out feet, there was so much of silent, shy longing that I pitied him.

'Vasilii Ivanovich! Why are you so sorrowful?'

He was silent for a moment, then, raising his head, he looked sadly upon me, as if reproaching me.

'Saturday, to-day is Saturday.'

'Yes, it seems to be Saturday. What then?'

'It is Saturday to-day. The people in our town at home are going now to the church service. The mayor's wife is crossing the bridge to the monastery. It's cold there now, bitterly cold. Perhaps she has put on her fur coat, her

overshoes, everything needed.' Hespoke slowly, painfully, in a scolding tone.

'The trees are perhaps naked already, though a leaf, dry and wrinkled, may still hang here and there on the lower branches; but above only bare sticks are stretching up. The monks have thrown a board over the mud-pond; you cross it with dry feet — how good!'

He wanted to say something more, sighed, coughed, and fell into silence. He was so sad and lost, so like a chubby, offended child, so woebegone, that I wanted to comfort him as one comforts a child.

'Why, Vasilii Ivanovich, better look upon these wonderful grapes — yellow, like honey!'

He mechanically picked a grape and began to chew it indifferently, as a cow chews her cud.

'Our town has ripe cranberries now; the village women are peddling them in baskets through the streets. One can buy for sixty kopecks a whole bushel. The sergeant's wife cooks them with cinnamon, with cinnamon and lemon.'

He even grew animated, beneath his veil of sadness, as parents will who speak of the talents of their dead child.

'Yes, with cinnamon and lemon. But bilberries were ripe long ago; the townsfolk have ceased even to think of them. It is good there now.' He again hung his head and fell into silence.

'Unhappy thing — how stupid you are,' I thought. 'How can I comfort you?'

But the old Italian sang sweetly with his changing voices, and the young guide translated. 'He now sings of her eyes: "I did not see the stars, I saw her eyes. . . ."'

'Vasilii Ivanovich, tell me, please, do you love Florence?'

'Oh, well! It is a simple matter to love Florence.'

This reminded me of a Novgorod

woman whose house had burned down, and who, with her two young daughters, was forced to beg. The older girl was exceptionally pretty, healthy, and high-spirited, but the other was thin and deformed, her face was covered with blotches, and she was scarcely able to raise her heavy eyelids.

'You love her very much, don't you?' the mother was asked regarding her beautiful daughter.

'That one? It's simple to love her,' said the woman, with a disparaging smile. 'I think more of this one!' She pressed to her breast the deformed child and began softly to croon, 'U-y-y.'

'Listen, Vasilii Ivanovich,' I said suddenly, 'it seems to me that the birch trees in our swamps must still be green. In the swamps they seem to keep their leaves longer.'

I remembered our swamps in the autumn — sad, desolate, with mud-holes, with brownish, rusty-green vegetation. And there on the wet hillocks the poverty-stricken birches, tiny, thin, pale, like the conventional holy martyr of an ancient icon, without light or food. They stand, tremble, reach toward the light, barely alive — yet they will live, will live all right!

'How stupid to think about this,' I caught myself. 'Why is that mine, and this not mine, — I mean, this evening, this hill, this song? The whole world is equally mine. The whole earth is mine; everything where I am is mine!'

And suddenly, as if I heard the simple, rasping voice in which our backwoods coachmen and rough muzhiks speak in Russia: 'Oh, no, you lie! Oh, it's not yours! No, it's not your native own. The city is not yours, the evening is not yours, and you look upon these grapes and the grapes do not understand you — a Russian. A mosquito bit you not long ago. At home you would have cursed him aloud, "Eh, damn you!" But here you did not

shout that way, because your whole soul feels that the same mosquito is here a *zanzara*, not a mosquito, and that one cannot impulsively and fiercely shout at him, but has to consider what and how to speak — “*Mamma mia maldetta*,” or something like that. See there beyond the wall is growing a palm, its trunk full of sap, fat, well-fed, the fronds rich and fine, stout blades, starched and ironed — it is a stranger, disgusting; it means nothing to you. The old man sings in a fat falsetto.’

‘I do not know whether the sun has risen — I see only you. . . .’

Disgusting!

‘Eh, disgusting!’ Again I hear the rasping voice.

Perhaps it was not disgusting when

an unkempt coachman snuffled without rhyme, without reason: —

There lived a boy in freedom,
In freedom of his own he lived,
And he shot every tiny bird on wing,
And he kissed every pretty girl he met.
Entirely free, in freedom of his own
He lived — uh-hu —,
He lived in freedom,

finishing his snuffle with such a huge ‘uh-hu’ shout that his three old jades whisked their tails. Then perhaps you smiled, and the breeze scattered around you, bright, kind, unforgettable, your own, your own.

‘*O mia Firenze, o città del canto*,’ languishingly sighed the young Italian.

‘Vasilii Ivanovich, shall we go home? I am so lonely — lonely —’

A LAENDLER ABEND IN BAVARIA

BY J. DOUGLAS HOARE

From the *Daily Telegraph*, September 30
(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

WE are extraordinarily gay in Tegernsee. In fact, no one who has not tried it could believe that such a constant whirl of excitement could exist in what is, after all, no more than a quaint little village on the borders of a beautiful lake in the Bavarian highlands. On Wednesday and Saturday we have a cinema, where you can see that moving drama, ‘I Loved Him So’ (featuring Anna Schmidt), and where you will be able to see it again next Wednesday and next Saturday and so on till you have entirely exhausted its emotional possibilities. We have not much variety, it is true, but what we have is emphatically ‘the goods’ — or

so I understand, for there is so much else to do that I have not had time to see it yet.

On Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays we have Fräulein Elsa Kling’s justly celebrated Peasant Actors in the theatre belonging to the hotel. I need hardly say that the hotel makes the most of its theatre on its stationery.

It also proudly, but mendaciously, boasts that it possesses *Bäder*. It has a bathroom, it is true, but only one, and that has two beds in it as well as the bath. The water is heated by an overgrown geyser which burns wood and coke, and if you want a really good bath you have to get out occasionally

and stoke the fire. Another of its peculiarities is that if you turn off the hot water you automatically turn on a cold shower, and vice versa, so that you have your choice between being scalded and chilled to the marrow. Otherwise, it is an excellent bathroom.

But to revert to the Peasant Actors. Three times a week they draw to the theatre enormous audiences, whom they move alternately to tears with their tragedies and to mirth with their farces. But here again I must confess to speaking from hearsay, for there is so much to do here that I have not had time to sample them either.

The real hub of the gay life in Tegernsee is the Schloss café. The Schloss itself is nothing much, being merely a spacious and commodious modern residence on the edge of the lake, apparently given over entirely to offices. But at the café in the afternoons you can take your coffee and listen to a really excellent little band of four playing Mendelssohn and Wagner, Puccini and Verdi, varied with selections from the light and charming Viennese operettas.

On Wednesday evenings we have what is known as a 'reunion,' pronounced in the local dialect a 'wryn-yon.' Then the tables are moved away from the centre of the room, and we dance the fox-trot, the one-step, the waltz, and, if we can, the tango. But Saturday is our great night, for it is then that we have a Ländler Abend, and all Tegernsee turns out to watch or to join in.

People in these parts are very great enthusiasts about anything that appertains to nationality. You see the national costume not only on the mountains, but in the streets and in the Government offices. On your arrival, let us say, you go to report yourself to the police, who, by the way, are now having the time of their lives in Bava-

ria. The German police, of course, always loved nothing better than getting to know everything they could about everyone who would stand it, and under the present regulations every stranger within their gates has to reveal to them his or her innermost secrets. They write down on a long and complicated form who you are, what you are, why you are, where you were born, where you came from, where you are going, how long you mean to stay (they stand no nonsense about this; if you don't know your own mind they make it up for you), and various intimate questions about your parentage. And the gentleman who puts you through this inquisition takes your passport away from you and refuses to give it up until you have disbursed several thousand marks.

On a Ländler Abend the orchestra are in leather shorts, laced at the side, of ceremonial wear. These, by the way, are very expensive nowadays, and there is an advertisement in one of the local papers offering to exchange a complete 'smoking,' trousers and all, for a pair in reasonably good condition. The musicians suspend these by braces of the same pattern as those worn by the police officials, but of leather; they are coatless, and their white shirts are open at the throat. Their feet are thrust bare into their shoes, and on their legs they wear the local footless gray stockings, with green bands at the top and the ankles, which, when the countrymen walk in them, generally work ludicrously up the calves.

There are five couples dancing the actual Ländler. The men are dressed more or less like the orchestra, but with variations to suit the individual taste. One has a broad, heavy silver chain with large silver coins hanging from it across his chest; another has the horn handle of a dirk sticking out of a little pocket in his shorts; some

are coatless, some wear short gray jackets bound with green, others wear open green waistcoats with white metal buttons. All have little felt hats with a bunch of feathers at the back. The girls' fancies are mostly displayed in the brilliant checks and stripes — horizontal and perpendicular — of their skirts, and their green or red aprons.

The spirit of the dance is that of the old, primeval story, the way of a man with a maid, the chase by the male of his mate. Of course, the details vary considerably, but this may be taken as typical. It begins with the men in the centre of the floor, keeping perfect rhythm with the music, with much stamping of feet, clapping of hands, and slapping of knees and thighs, with leaps into the air, grotesque contortions of the body, or gestures of some dignity, according to whether the rôle that the individual is playing at the moment is the comic, the agile, or the amorously sedate.

Meanwhile the girls pirouette slowly round the leaping, shouting men. Suddenly there is a complete change. The central group breaks up; each man seizes a partner, and off they go into a quiet, sedate waltz.

In a moment, however, the men are back in the centre. This time the dance develops into something after the semblance of a free fight. The smacks are leveled, not at the dancers' own limbs, but at the faces of each other, and it is

none of your slap-stick-in-the-prompt-corner stuff that gets such laughs in our music halls, but the real article. Again the girls pirouette around, till the men break away and give chase. One attempts to catch the attention of the lady of his fancy by playfully kicking her skirt. Another, in approved cave-man fashion, boldly picks up his and carries her off.

There are differences of opinion and combats, leaps from the athlete, and contortions from the acrobat, until at last the couples sort themselves out and the dance comes to a highly exhilarating end.

It is all very exciting and very well done. Of course, these are picked dancers doing what are practically set dances, though a good deal of liberty is allowed to the whim of the individual. But the dancing of Ländler, varied with fox-trots and so forth, is very popular here.

A favorite Sunday sport is to walk to the top of a mountain where there is a café and a band of sorts, and there to divide the time between beer and dancing. As it is Sunday and a perfectly lovely day, I shall walk to the top of a mountain this afternoon. But as it is a three-hour climb, and I am not mountain-bred, when I get to the top I shall cut out the dancing and content myself — shall we say — with the distant view of the snow-clad Tyrolean peaks.

A SCULPTOR IN THE VATICAN

BY FRANÇOIS COGNÉ

[*M. Cogné is a French sculptor who has made portrait busts of many European notabilities. Among his sitters have been Marshals Foch, Joffre, and Lyautey, and General Nivelle. These busts are now in the Musée de l'Armée.*]

From *L'Illustration*, October 14
(PARIS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY)

AFTER finding my way across the great courtyard of Saint Damasus, glaring in the sunlight, I climbed up the interminable stairs of white marble that lead to the apartments of the Holy Father. The heat was exhausting. On every landing a gendarme stood on guard. At the top, a little door, crowned by an inscription in gold letters, opened off a shadowy hall. Attendants were writing down the visitors' names and making each wait his turn in one of the diminutive salons.

What a contrast with everything outside! Here all was shadow. The great white-and-gray curtains and the closed blinds masked the windows and shut out the sun. A fresh coolness reached you, together with the odor of old books. Priests were moving about without a word, going out, coming in, passing hither and thither amid an awesome silence. I was waiting in a little room to the right, where there were bookshelves with modern titles. I read the names — the proceedings of religious congresses; encyclicals; and in a corner of the glass-fronted case, some copies of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with modest salmon-colored covers.

My contemplation was interrupted by an attendant, who pointed out to me, in the hallway, an ecclesiastical dignitary wearing a purple skullcap and dressed in a cloak of the same hue. It was the official I had come to see,

Monsignor Pizzardo. He talked rapidly and seemed to be in a great hurry. He was already leaving his companion, another prelate, and turning toward the little door, when I hastened to make myself known. In excellent French this kindly little man, with curly hair and the friendliest appearance imaginable, begged me to follow him into the next room. He explained to me how difficult it is to approach the Holy Father: nevertheless, I should have an audience. I was to tell him the object of my visit, since the Pope would not be able to spare more than a few minutes for me. Even as he spoke, he was leafing over a notebook. I confided my intention to model a bust of the Pope, and explained how delighted I was to secure this audience through his good offices. He hurried into the next room, where I could hear him telephoning in Italian. After some time, he came back, holding a letter in his hand. The Pope would grant me an audience at five o'clock this afternoon. I was to present this letter at the antechamber of the audience room. I expressed my delight to Monsignor Pizzardo, but I added, at the same time, that one does not make a bust in ten minutes, and that I should have to take some measurements. He would not let me finish: —

'Measurements? What are you thinking of? You're going to touch the Holy Father with a compass? Impos-

sible! You did n't tell me that! No, no, it can't be done. I don't believe he 'd like it.'

I recoiled before this flood of indignation. I would be content with a mere sketch and I would n't stay more than ten minutes. Monsignor Pizzardo cheered me with a smiling:—

'You 'll see what you can do when you are with His Holiness. Perhaps —'

He did not finish, but held out his hand and turned away. I saw him bustle off, his silk mantle trailing out slightly in the breeze behind him. Then, very slowly, I went back down the stairway.

I was to see the Pope at five o'clock! I could hardly believe it. For ten days I had been running my head against a stone wall. Invariably, the secretary who guarded the door had declared to me, 'Three hundred and fifty-two artists, from every part of the world, have already asked to make a portrait of His Holiness. You are merely the three hundred and fifty-third. The Holy Father is too busy. Nobody wants your letters of introduction. Here, take this *biglietto*, which will enable you to see His Holiness at the public audience.' And then I would go away, out of countenance. Whereas, to-day —!

At four o'clock, with my sketching-pad under my arm and with two cameras swinging from a bandoleer, I presented myself at the Bronze Gate. The Swiss Guards, who began to know me, let me through, and I climbed the two stories that separated me from the grand hall. After some encounters with the gendarmes (but their commander, forewarned, knew that I was *persona grata*) I was permitted to climb the stairway leading to the Pope's rooms. At each floor a Swiss Guard, lance in hand, tapped on the marble tiles of the landing. I was so excited that I forgot to take the elevator.

The last landing! I went into a little room where a vestiary is set up. There were some chamberlains dressed in red silk, in knee breeches and buckled shoes. After being relieved of my hat, I was led into another hall, which is used for collective audiences, and was requested to sit down and wait.

I examined the room in which I found myself. Rows of armchairs were placed along the walls and there were several luxurious console tables holding clocks and crucifixes. The Venetian blinds were closed and the curtains drawn. Two diabolically large men, veritable giants, in black boots and tight white breeches, like those of our Garde républicaine, were stalking up and down with the same cadenced step. They wore black coats, *à la française*, and huge hairy hats, like our grenadiers under the Empire. As an exception to the code of etiquette, I was permitted to dispense with full dress and white tie, but I felt still more overawed in my simple black business-suit. The chair on which I sat was too high — my feet did not touch the floor.

The door opened at last and a priest came toward me, asked for my letter, ran through it, and departed — taking it with him. Ten minutes more of waiting. Then came a personage in full dress, followed by a Monsignor in purple. They beckoned to me. I walked on tiptoe through hall after hall, and then through a little chapel where — this I learned afterwards — the Pope says Mass every morning before a few worshippers concealed by a curtain. A pause. I was placed in the hands of a chamberlain older and more severe than the others, but wearing the same red breeches. He instructed me to get my apparatus ready, and sat down in an armchair to watch me do it. We were, he explained, in the room where Leo XIII died. He had himself been in the service of the Popes for

forty years, and had been under three before this one. He added that this, the last he had the honor to serve, was a good man and a very great one. The conversation went on in undertones.

The door at the left opened noiselessly. A man in full dress with a white tie — an usher, no doubt — told me to bring my equipment into the next room. Still on tiptoe, I complied.

In the room that I now entered, a richly decorated throne, with a canopy overshadowing it, stands constantly ready for the Sovereign Pontiff. I admired two superb console tables. On the one to the left rested a marble statue of Saint Cecilia and above it, on the wall, hung a portrait of the Pope. On the other table were two fine cloisonné vases, a candlestick, and a clock.

The chamberlain and I placed an armchair for the Holy Father, and then opened the curtains and the shutters to let in a blinding light that threw everything in the room into sharp relief. A door concealed by a hanging opened softly and a priest in purple robes entered, to ask whether everything was ready and to remind me that the audience must not last more than ten minutes. Then he disappeared.

I found myself again alone with the chamberlain. Above us, on the parquet of the next floor, I could hear rustlings and slow, heavy footfalls. The chamberlain explained that the Holy Father had no doubt come back from his walk and was entering his apartments. I was smitten with stage fright. What should I do when I saw him? Ought I kneel? Ought I speak? The chamberlain indicated that I should kneel, and, bowing his head, showed me the proper attitude to assume.

Once again the door opened, giving me a glimpse of a room that seemed enormous. Apparently it was a library. It was partly masked behind a screen,

but I could make out shelves with books ranged upon them. Suddenly the Holy Father appeared. He came forward slowly, mopping his forehead, dressed in flannel, all white, with the white skullcap surmounting a rosy face, and eyes half hidden behind spectacles of thick glass. His simple whiteness was like a gleam amid all that luxury. I knelt. My eyes were moist, and above me I heard the Latin words of the benediction.

I rose to my feet. My uneasiness was gone. Before me stood an august model, who addressed me in a friendly tone. His voice is warm and grave, and he speaks excellent French. The metal foot of my tripod slipped on the parquet, and I could not get it to stand up properly. I felt the Holy Father's eyes upon me. Forgetful of the proprieties, I spoke to him without being addressed, apologizing for my clumsiness. He replied gently, 'No matter. Do your work and don't be nervous, or you'll lose time.'

Was that to recall the minutes that were passing? Or was it an encouragement? A kindly smile left no doubt in my mind, and I ventured upon the audacity of asking the Holy Father to pose in the attitude of benediction, since I was going to make a statue. He replied kindly, 'I cannot make that gesture and remain motionless. I will bless you and you may choose the instant or the movement that you think is most interesting, to be held.' He blessed me twice, and twice I caught his gesture. Then he asked: 'Is that all?' He had already risen. I replied, 'No, Holy Father. If you will permit, I should like to take a few measurements that will help me make the bust.'

He sat down again while I swiftly outlined a rough sketch, and then, with a compass, took measurements and made notes of dimensions. All this interested him very much. He said to

me, 'Are you taking the circumference of my head? It is sixty-six centimetres.'

Meantime the chamberlain was fumbling in my portfolio. He took out a photograph of my bust of Marshal Lyautey and held it out to the Holy Father. Bending over his shoulder — for he was seated — I watched him.

'The Morocco man,' he said. 'How well you have succeeded with that bust! You are responsible for one important detail — the cigarette in his hand. How familiar that is! Lyautey smokes all day and half the night, though it does n't affect that keen mind of his a bit.'

The chamberlain presented a reproduction of the bust of the Apostolic Nuncio.

'This is very good of Cerretti,' said the Sovereign Pontiff. 'But I think he would be smiling even more if he were n't posing.'

He said all this slowly and simply, while I continued to take measurements, touching him with my fingers and my compass. I sketched as fast as I could, until he questioned me with his glance. This time I did not dare insist, and I thought I ought to finish. He rose and looked at what I had done.

Kneeling, I saw the lower part of the white cassock, the violet stockings embroidered with green, the acorns, and the branch of little leaves framing a cross.

The white cassock disappeared. I lifted my head again and caught another glimpse of the great library with all its riches, its carpets, its books; and it seemed to me that I saw figures in red and violet robes, kneeling as I was.

My audience had lasted three quarters of an hour. That evening I dispensed with dinner, and in the room of the great hotel where I was living — having carefully stopped up every chink that might admit light — with

feverish impatience I developed all my plates by the gleam of a red lantern. Daybreak found me still at work.

July 26. — A search through Rome for some modeling clay. In the atelier of my good friend Rigal — a Grand Prix de Rome in painting, now dwelling in the Villa Medici — I began my bust. All day long I stuck on one bit of clay after another, while Rigal worked silently at his great panel, *À nos Morts*, and so the work progressed, in that great atelier, in that atmosphere of peaceful calm, disturbed only by the purring of a cat.

At five o'clock that evening we looked at the bust. It was beginning to have a resemblance. The head a little bent, the eyes behind the spectacles — the Pope seemed to be blessing us. The head seemed very, very large, and yet its size accorded exactly with the measurements. I was worn out by the emotions of the proceeding afternoon, my night of work, and my day of modeling.

Rigal began a beautiful sketch of the Pope, working beside me with his keen pencil, so exact, so personal. It was a profile study, following the bust and aided by the photographs. We decided to finish our two pieces of work at the Vatican. He would carry my tools, would help me, and then, while I worked, he would finish his sketch from the life.

We were in the midst of our plans when some one knocked at the door. It was M. du Sault, the son-in-law and secretary of our ambassador to the Vatican, coming to announce the visit of M. Jonnart, who wanted to see the panel, *À nos Morts*, before he departed for France. The ambassador was surprised to find me there, when he arrived with his two charming daughters and M. David. He was delighted, and complimented me on the bust, which I had uncovered. The day was drawing to a close, and as the dim light envel-

oped it, the statue seemed to live. Every one urged me to finish it at the Vatican.

July 27. — Villa Medici, 8 o'clock. — My bust pleases me. I am still at work here at 10 o'clock. The chauffeur whom we had ordered has not come. I am very impatient, for the bust has to be taken to the Vatican for the second sitting. I have reached an understanding with Monsignor Pizzardo, whom I saw last evening, and who has shown me the atelier reserved for me. Without waiting any longer, I hunt up an abominable old fiacre. In a box, with clay wedged in around it, the bust is placed. Rigal and I carry it down to the carriage. The modeling stand goes up beside the coachman. My sculptor's tools go at my feet; and so we set off to the Vatican. We look like a couple of poor relations, come up from the country to attend some ceremony. But in spite of that our carriage rolls on after a few minutes' parleying with the Papal halberdiers. Rigal, who speaks excellent Italian, had explained that His Holiness was on the back seat, and that I was a great artist summoned by him to finish his bust. Then, drawing back the cloths, he showed them the face of the Holy Father, staring up at the sky.

Near the Clementine Hall an atelier had been improvised. It was a guard-room, with its helmets, its pitcher of water and drinking-cup, and some Swiss Guards lying asleep.

As the door opened, they all rose. We set up the bust on a high table, and when we uncovered it I had the satisfaction of hearing a murmur of approval. They all found it a good likeness. It was one o'clock. We went off to have lunch with the ambassador.

When we came back to the Vatican we went up to the improvised atelier without being halted. We could move about the great palace freely, for by

this time we were known. When we entered the room, what was our surprise to find two of the Swiss mounting guard over the bust. At five o'clock we received a visit from Monsignor Pizzardo, who expressed his keen satisfaction with the bust and requested me to have it ready at the same time the following day. With uneasy modesty, Rigal showed him the profile sketch, a fine and interesting profile, in which the qualities of a great painter and observer were instantly obvious. To his delight, Monsignor Pizzardo complimented him and added that he might accompany me next day to the audience, in order to go on with his sketch.

How good the beer on the terrace of the little *ristorante* opposite Saint Peter's tasted, after that! Blinking our eyes, we looked at the lovely façade of the Vatican, within which dwelt our august model.

July 28. — All day long we waited in the Vatican, going from the Sistine Chapel to the terraces, to the Pauline chapel, and to the Stanze with Raphael's frescoes. Once, as we were climbing a narrow iron stairway sunk in the wall — a swaying iron ladder, scarcely accessible, that might have served for firemen — we pushed open a door opening off a landing. A flood of dazzling light burst into our dim little niche; in front and to the left of us was the dome of Saint Peter's.

After we had crossed a little balcony hanging in the void and provided with only a little iron railing, we came to a small window, and clinging to the railing, we looked curiously into the shadows below. Gradually, as our eyes adjusted themselves, we could make out below us groups of people, the hum of whose conversation came up to our ears. A throng was looking up and listening to the guides' explanations. All the countries of the world were there, and these visitors were living

through moments never to be forgotten, for they were in the Sistine Chapel. Rigal and I, sitting on the cornice, wondered at it all, and touched the frescoes of that god of art whom we were learning here to know better than ever; and without moving, with the same fixed glance, we contemplated from close at hand the Creation, the Fall, and the Deluge. We were overwhelmed by the more than human genius of Michelangelo. Over there was the Last Judgment, vibrant with life; but this great composition is, alas! browned by time, and we were too far away to see clearly each detail.

Time was going swiftly. It was four o'clock, and at five we were to see the Pope. We went back to the Clementine Hall and 'my' atelier. When we arrived, the Swiss Guards were drawn up, motionless, while they rendered honors to a cardinal, whose red robes we saw, framed in a doorway leading to the apartments of the Pope. The Holy Father had not yet come back from his daily walk in the gardens of the Vatican, but he was not to be late. A chamberlain beckoned to us and we followed him down a great corridor, richly ornamented, its windows looking out over the immense inner court of the Vatican. In an enormous square, as big as the court of the Louvre and glowing under the sun, we looked around. The court was empty; no one was in the galleries; there was nothing but the flaming sun.

There was the rumble of wheels, the sound of horses' hoofs on the pavement, and a black coach emerged from the sombre arch. At four doors beneath the arches appeared gendarmes with gleaming sabres. The horses were magnificent, and the carriage rolled across the court with an iron resonance that rang through the stillness. It was upholstered in white, and within sat the Pope in his white cassock, beside a

purple cassock. The carriage halted at the main staircase; a footman sprang out and opened the left door. The Holy Father, wearing a broad-brimmed violet hat, stepped out and quietly disappeared, walking majestically up the grand staircase with a chamberlain as his companion. We looked back into the court. The gendarmes were kneeling, with their heads lowered until they looked very small, and at all four doors men were on their knees.

We went in hastily. I had the bust carried by the red chamberlains and we followed through interminable halls, along lengthy corridors, like a procession. We came at length to the private apartments and the throne room, where I set up my bust. Monsignor Giuseppe, private chamberlain to His Holiness, was there to receive us. He had been present at the sitting, and did not spare his compliments.

The red door opened gently. The Holy Father entered as he had before, and again I knelt to receive his benediction. But what was my pride when I saw a smile upon his face, as he looked with satisfaction at his bust. He passed his hand over his temples to see whether his spectacles were in place, and looked at Rigal and his drawing without seeming in the least surprised to find a second artist. The heat was intense, and the chamberlain opened the windows, for the Holy Father seemed to want more air. His Holiness sat down, took up his breviary, and began to read. Rigal and I fell to work. Nothing was to be heard but the scratch of the pencil on the paper. With stealthy steps I went from the model to the bust, making the necessary corrections. This sitting also lasted three quarters of an hour. At the end of that time, the Holy Father got up to see our work, and as a kindly smile again spread over his features, we saw that he was pleased. He went away with the usual ceremony.

On our knees, we took his hand to kiss the ring.

July 29. — The last sitting. The bust is finished. As on the previous afternoon, we waited for the Holy Father in the little throne room. Before giving the bust its finishing touches, I looked carefully at my great model. Always the same simplicity, everywhere the same whiteness — the flannel cassock with the little white buttons, the short cape falling over the broad shoulders, the wide girdle about the waist with its wide ends hanging at the left side. Around his neck a chain of gold, fastened on the breast by a little buttonhole, from which hung a cross, beautifully carved in gold, framed in amethysts on a base of diamonds.

What a powerful face, young and faintly colored! His lofty brow is almost unmarked, scarcely wrinkled. There are two vertical creases above the nose. The eyes seem small behind the glasses; the mouth is smiling; on the left cheek

near the mouth there is a *grain de beauté*, and the head is slightly bent to the right. It is the eyes that I shall never forget — clear, frank, luminous, with great intelligence and goodness.

The words of Monsignor Cerretti in my atelier came back to me: — ‘You will find His Holiness goodness itself. He is a great scholar, acquainted with all the languages, a man who for more than forty years has read what there is to read, a man who has been filling his brain in his library, bending above his manuscripts; and often, when the stars grow dim in the sky, they leave him still bent above his pleasant labors.’

When we were done, the Pope rose and came for the last time to look at our work. He nodded his head gently, satisfied. Rigal and I were on our knees, waiting for him to bless us, but he did more than that — he signed my bust with a large *Pont. Max. P.P. XI.* That was his thanks, and that splendid signature gives one more richness to my work.

THE ASSAULT ON MOUNT EVEREST

[We reprint below the stories of the two parties which independently made the final drives toward the summit of Mount Everest, as they were told to an audience of 1700 at Central Hall, Westminster. The first article is by Mr. G. Leigh-Mallory, the second by Captain George I. Finch who, with Captain Geoffrey Bruce and a Gurkha noncommissioned officer named Tejbir, came nearest to the summit — a height of 27,300 feet. Captain Bruce is not to be confused with General Bruce, leader of the entire expedition.]

From the *Manchester Guardian*, October 17
(RADICAL-LIBERAL DAILY)

I

ON May 19 we left camp at 8.45 A.M., carrying up bedding and all warm things available for the porters. The day was fine and sunny. Prospects seemed extraordinarily promising. Our nine porters, who were housed three apiece in Mummery tents, were perfectly fit, so that we had two porters for each load, even so having a margin of one porter. Everything had been managed so happily and satisfactorily that there was hardly a doubt that the men would be able to establish camp higher up the mountain on the morrow.

On May 20 sunlight hit the tents at 5 A.M. according to our time. I immediately got up to rouse the party. There was no sign of life in the porters' tents, which were hermetically sealed. The porters, I found, were all unwell — we eventually ascertained that four of them were seriously mountain-sick. Five were willing to come on. It was hardly surprising that they felt better when they were persuaded to come out of the unventilated tents.

We started in the end an hour late, at 7 A.M., quickly making our way to the North Col, whence a broad snow-ridge ascends at a gently increasing angle. Morshead, if good cheer be a sign of fitness, seemed the strongest and went first; we proceeded at a satisfactory pace in the fine early morning.

Perhaps, after all, we should camp at the required height of 26,000 feet. 'Illusory hope of early sun begot!' We presently became aware that it was not a perfect day: the sun had no real warmth, and a cold breeze sprang up from the west.

I found myself kicking my toes against the rock for warmth whenever we paused, and was obliged to put on my spare warm clothes — a Shetland woolie and a silk shirt. The porters were evidently feeling the cold more acutely the higher they went. The ridge of stones ended abruptly, and it became clear that if we were to establish a camp at all we must race for shelter to the east side of the ridge.

Cutting steps at high altitudes is always hard work. The proper way to do it in hard snow is to give one blow with the ice axe and then stamp the foot into the hole just made; but such a blow requires a man's full strength, and he must kick hard into the hole. In any case, 300 feet of such work, particularly if hurried, is extremely exhausting, and we were glad to rest at length about noon, sheltered under rocks at about 25,000 feet.

Perhaps none of us yet realized how much we had already suffered from the cold. Norton's ear was thrice its normal size, and proved a considerable

inconvenience by limiting the number of admissible dispositions for his limbs and mine in those close quarters. Three of my fingers were frost-touched; but luckily the effects of frostbite are not very serious in the early stages. Far more serious was Morshead's condition. Too late in the day he had put on his sledging suit for protection against the wind; on arriving in camp he was chilled and evidently unwell.

Our chief anxiety was the weather; the west wind dropped in the evening, and the signs pointed to a change. At intervals during the night we noticed that stars were visible; nearer dawn we were disgusted to observe that the ground outside was snow-white. A little later, listening, we heard fine hail falling on the tents, and peering out of the tent door we could make out that the cloud and mist were coming up from the east on a monsoon current.

At 6.30 A.M., with somewhat better signs, we extricated ourselves from our sleeping-bags and set about preparing a meal. Only one thermos flask had turned up overnight, so that our task was cold and long. Another ill-fated rucksack containing provisions slipped from our perch, but miraculously, after bounding 100 feet or more, stopped on a small ledge. Morshead, heroically exerting himself, recovered it.

At about eight o'clock we were ready to start. We did not discuss whether in these conditions we ought to proceed. The snow which had fallen was obviously an impediment, and more was to be expected. None of us, after a long headachy night, felt at our best. For my part, I hoped that the mere effort at deep breathing in the first few steps of the ascent would string me up to the required efforts, and that we all should be better once we had started.

Disappointment followed at the moment of setting out in bearing bad

news from Morshead. 'I think I won't come with you,' he said; 'I am quite sure I should only keep you back.' On such a question only the man concerned is able to judge. We three — Mallory, Somervell, and Norton — went on regretfully without him.

Ultimately the power of pushing up depended upon lung capacity. Lungs governed our speed, making the pace a miserable crawl. From the Alpine point of view our lungs made us pause to admire the view oftener than is correct in the best circles. But our lungs were remarkably alike and went well together. Personally I contrived a looseness of the muscles by making an easy, deep-drawn breath, and by exercising deep breathing I found myself able to proceed.

For a long time we had good hope of reaching the northeast shoulder, but, remembering the long descent to be made and the retarding circumstances of fresh snow, we agreed to turn back not much later than 2 P.M. We had to consider Morshead left behind at Camp V. On his account it was desirable to get back to camp with time in hand to reach the North Col on the same day; and in any case it would be an insane risk to climb to the utmost limit of one's strength on Mount Everest and trust to inspiration or brandy to get one down in safety, for the body does not recover strength in the descent as it does in the Alps.

At 2.15, some time after crossing the head of a conspicuous couloir on the northeast face, we reached, as it were, the head of the rocks, still perhaps 500 feet below the northeast shoulder of the mountain, and commanding a clear view to the summit. Greatly as we desired to gain the shoulder, — and we were not yet at the end of our powers, — the only wisdom was in retreat. The aneroid registered 26,800 feet. We turned to descend with sufficient

strength, we believed, for the long task before us.

When we regained the great snow-ridge, no traces of the steps we had cut on the upward journey could be found; we had to repeat the step-cutting. That grim and slow process was observed at about six o'clock by Strutt from below in Camp III.

Nor were our difficulties at an end after the passage of this slope. One of the disagreeable facts which differentiate Himalayan expeditions from those in lower mountains is that an exhausted man does not recover his strength quickly as he goes down. Morshead, although climbing very pluckily, and making the most tremendous efforts to get his breath, had now arrived at the end of his tether. At best he could only proceed a few steps at a time.

Fortunately it was easy going on the way down to the North Col as we watched the diminishing light. Norton supported Morshead with his shoulder while I was finding the easiest way down, and Somervell acted as rear guard. Lightning from blue-gray sinister clouds to the west began to flicker after sunset over one of the most amazing mountain-views and one which seemed to be full of malice.

In the light of these experiences we may review afresh the problem of climbing Mount Everest. By far the most important modification of our previous view is in respect to the porters. Their power was far greater than was to be expected. None before had ever carried a camp above 23,500 feet; these men carried our loads to 25,000, Finch's even higher to 25,500 feet, and some of them even repeated this amazing feat on three successive days. They showed little fatigue.

It will have been observed that the three of us who reached 26,800 feet climbed only 1800 feet in a day from our camp. But the maximum time

was not available; bad weather delayed our start, and the descent was to camp below our starting-point. The question, then, which I should put is this: Is it conceivable, in the first place, that in two days above the North Col a camp could be fixed at 27,000 feet? And, in the second, supposing a party to start from 27,000 feet, could they conceivably climb in a day the remaining 2000 feet to the summit?

We have considered so far only the problem of climbing Mount Everest without oxygen. To climb the mountain with oxygen is a separate problem; here Finch is the authority, and it is not my province to discuss the details. It will be remembered that Somervell and I when we went up for the third attempt this year intended to use oxygen; we imagined we should go farther with than without it.

The problem of climbing Mount Everest with the aid of oxygen seemed not so very far beyond our powers, provided the fair opportunity, when we thought of what had been done already. Perhaps the most significant fact was this — that three of us after climbing to a height only about 2000 feet below the summit had felt no special distress.

Two other considerations must engage our attention, because they affect the problem of climbing Mount Everest: the dangers involved and the weather. This year's expedition has emphasized the dangers. It has tragically pointed to the danger of an avalanche on the way up to the North Col — how grievous an accident it was can only be known to those who had tested those seven brave men, had contact with their gay indomitable spirits, seen their unflagging good humor, received tokens of their constant will to help, of their unflinching faithful hearts.

About the other dangers it is neces-

sary to say more, because they must vitally affect the organization of any attempt to climb the mountain. Everyone will remember how Morshead's collapse compromised our plan of descent. The causes of this collapse are obscure. His heart was not affected. Possibly it was due to want of liquid food. At starting from the North Col Morshead seemed fitter than anyone; his failure was a complete surprise to all of us, and in view of it I think a party of the future should reckon that some such experience might happen to any one of them.

At a high altitude even the strongest might suffer this loss of muscular power, and he will not recover up there. The danger in such a case can hardly be overestimated; all calculations of time will be upset, and the awful fate of a night out, perhaps above 27,000 feet, will be hanging over the party. The only valid precaution against such an event is to have another party in reserve at the camp from which the first climbers have started.

Again, the sum of all these dangers is increased to an extent that cannot be over-emphasized by unfavorable weather. A party with one man hors de combat, a party who have passed that indefinite line beyond which mere weakness becomes a danger, a party of porters with no tracks to guide them and no compass lore, or finding fresh snow on the steep slope below the North Col — men in such circumstances are in gravest peril when the wind blows on Mount Everest.

It is when we view our problem as a whole, in the light of the weather experienced this year, that we should be least inclined to optimism. Apart from any consideration of the monsoon's date, and that of 1922 was admittedly early, the conditions before it came were not encouraging. The weather

had a bad habit. It presented us with a dilemma: either we might have a taste of the monsoon and the threat of snow in the air, or we should have that bitter enemy, the northwest wind, the wind that drove us to camp a thousand feet lower than we intended, the wind that Finch and Bruce will not forget for its howling during the first night at their high camp. Perhaps it is not impossible for men to reach the summit of Mount Everest, in spite of wind and weather; but unless the weather can mend the habit we observed this year, or grant a long respite, their chances of reaching it and getting down in safety are all too small.

II

ON May 24, Captain Noel, Tejbir, Geoffrey Bruce, and I, all using oxygen, went up to the North Col (23,000 feet). Bent on a determined attack, we camped there for the night. Next morning broke fine and clear though somewhat windy, and at eight o'clock we set off up the long snow-slopes leading toward the northeast shoulder of Everest, twelve porters carrying oxygen cylinders, provisions for one day, and camping gear.

An hour and a half later Bruce, Tejbir, and I followed, and in spite of the fact that each bore a load of over thirty pounds, which was much more than the average weight carried by the porters, we overtook them at a height of about 24,500 feet. They greeted our arrival with their usual cheery broad grins. But no longer did they regard oxygen as a foolish man's whim; one and all appreciated the advantages of what they naïvely chose to call 'English air.'

Leaving them to follow, we went on, hoping to pitch our camp somewhere above 26,000 feet. But shortly after one o'clock the wind freshened up

rather offensively and it began to snow. Our altitude was 25,500 feet, some 500 feet below where we had hoped to camp; but we looked round immediately for a suitable camping-site, as the porters had to return to the North Col that day.

Our porters arrived at 2 P.M., and at once all began to level off the little platform where the tent was soon pitched, on the very edge of the tremendous precipices falling away to the East Rongbuk and Main Rongbuk glaciers, over 4000 feet below. Within twenty minutes the porters were scurrying back down the broken, rocky ridge toward the snow slopes leading to the North Col, singing as they went snatches of their native hillside ditties. What splendid men!

Having seen the last man safely off, I looked to the security of the guy-ropes holding down the tent, and then joined Bruce and Tejbir inside. It was snowing hard. Tiny, minute spicules driven by the wind penetrated everywhere. It was bitterly cold, so we crawled into our sleeping-bags, and, gathering round us all available clothing, huddled up together as snugly as was possible. After sunset the storm rose to a gale, a term I use deliberately. Terrific gusts tore at our tent with such ferocity that the ground sheet, with its human burden, was frequently lifted up off the ground. On these occasions our combined efforts were needed to keep the tent down and prevent its being blown away.

Sleep was out of the question. We dared not relax our vigilance, for ever and again all our strength was needed to hold the tent down and to keep the flaps of the door, stripped of their fastenings by a gust that had caught us unawares, from being torn open. We fought for our lives, realizing that once the wind got our little shelter into its ruthless grip it must inevitably

be hurled, with us inside it, down on to the East Rongbuk glacier, thousands of feet below.

Dawn broke bleak and chill; the snow had ceased to fall, but the wind continued with unabated violence. The extreme exhaustion and the chill produced in the body as a result of each of these little excursions were sufficient to indicate that until the gale had spent itself there could be no hope of either advance or retreat.

I wanted to hang on and try our climb on the following day. Very cautiously and tentatively I broached my wish to Bruce, fearful lest the trying experience of the last twenty-four hours had undermined his keenness for further adventure. He jumped at the idea, and when our new plans were communicated to Tejbir the only effect upon him was to broaden his already expansive grin.

That night began critically. Provoked, perhaps, by my labors outside the tent, a dead, numbing cold was creeping up my limbs — a thing I had only once before felt and to the seriousness of which I was fully alive. Like an inspiration came the thought of trying the effect of oxygen. We hauled apparatus and cylinders into the tent, and, giving it the air of a joke, we took doses all round. The result was marvelous. We slept well and warmly.

Before daybreak we were up, feeling fresh and fit though terribly hungry. Shortly after six we assembled outside, and at 6.30 A.M. we shouldered our bundles and set off. The weather was clear. The only clouds seemed so far off as to presage no evil, and the breeze, though intensely cold, was bearable. But it soon freshened up, and before we had gone more than a few hundred feet the cold began to have its effect on Tejbir's sturdy constitution, and he showed signs of wavering.

Bruce's eloquent flow of Gurumuki, however, managed to boost him up to an altitude of 26,000 feet. There he collapsed entirely, sinking face downward on to the rocks and crushing beneath him the delicate instruments of his oxygen apparatus. I stormed at him for thus maltreating it, while Bruce exhorted him, for the honor of his regiment, to struggle on; but it was all in vain. Tejbir had done his best. We had no compunction about letting him go alone, for the ground was easy, and he could not lose his way, the tent being in full view below.

Since leaving the ridge we had not made much height, although we seemed to be getting so near our goal. Now and then we consulted the aneroid barometer, and its readings encouraged us on. Twenty-seven thousand feet; then we gave up traversing and began to climb diagonally upward toward a point on the lofty northeast ridge, midway between the shoulder and the summit.

Soon afterward an accident put Bruce's oxygen apparatus out of action. He was some twenty feet below me, but struggled gallantly upward as I went to meet him, and, after connecting him on to my apparatus and so renewing his supply of oxygen, we soon traced the trouble and effected a satisfactory repair.

The barometer here recorded a height of 27,300 feet. The highest mountain visible was Cho Uyo, which is just short of 27,000 feet. We were well above it, and could look across it into the dense clouds beyond. The great West Peak of Everest, one of the most beautiful sights to be seen from down in the Rongbuk Valley, was hidden, but we knew that our standpoint was nearly 2000 feet above it. Everest itself was the only mountain top which we could see without turning our gaze downward.

The point we reached is unmistakable even from afar. We were standing on a little rocky ledge, just inside an inverted V of snow, immediately below the great belt of reddish-yellow rock which cleaves its way almost horizontally through the otherwise greenish-black slabs of the mountain. Though 1700 feet below, we were well within half a mile of the summit, so close indeed that we could distinguish individual stones on a little patch of scree lying just underneath the highest point.

Ours were truly the tortures of Tantalus, for, weak from hunger and exhausted by that nightmare struggle for life in our high camp, we were in no fit condition to proceed. Indeed, I knew that if we were to persist in climbing on, even if only for another 500 feet, we should not both get back alive. The decision to retreat once taken, no time was lost, and, fearing lest another accidental interruption in the oxygen supply might lead to a slip on the part of either of us, we roped together. Shortly after 2 P.M. we struck the ridge, and there reduced our burdens to a minimum by dumping four oxygen cylinders. The place will be easily recognized by future explorers; those four cylinders are perched against a rock at the head of the one and only large snow-filled couloir running right up from the head of the East Rongbuk glacier to the ridge.

Our attack upon Mount Everest had failed. The great mountain, with its formidable array of defensive weapons, had won; but if the body had suffered, the spirit was still whole. Reaching a point whence we obtained our last close view of the great unconquered Goddess Mother of the Snows, Geoffrey Bruce bade his somewhat irreverent adieux with 'Just you wait, old thing, you'll be for it soon!'—words that still are expressive of my own sentiments.

MAURICE BARRÈS AND HIS BOOKS

BY A FRENCH CORRESPONDENT

From the *Saturday Review*, October 7
(ENGLISH Tory WEEKLY)

MANY people are surprised when they first meet M. Maurice Barrès. He became famous at twenty-five, and it is a shock to find that he is now nearly sixty. He acquired his fame through five or six volumes, the tone of which — an admixture of poetry and of fanciful humor — was puzzling to most people, and nothing in his appearance and conversation, save an occasional touch of sarcasm, indicates a professional humorist. No Frenchman of distinction looks and talks so much like a Roman; nobody looks more serious and thoughtful; few people who speak well can condense so much meditation in such pregnant language; few taciturn men can be so eloquently and attentively silent: M. Barrès is one of those exceptional mortals who can never be two minutes in a room before the whole talk converges in their direction, and yet hardly disappoint the observer if they choose to listen instead of talking.

This impression is never left on one except by actual or potential doers of deeds. In fact, M. Barrès has, from his very beginnings, been mixed up with the life of his country, and on various occasions he has been in real frays without seeming in the least to endanger his dignity. He was barely out of his teens when General Boulanger appeared as a providential man and planted such sincere hopes in millions of French hearts, and he promptly gave expression to them. One of his best books, a masterpiece of suppressed irony, *Leurs figures*, was only a small part of the share he took in the Panama affair: it

was about that date that he became a member of our political assemblies from which he never afterward was absent very long. He was hardly less conspicuous during the Dreyfus affair, and when that brilliant orator, conversationalist, duellist and poet, that truly great Frenchman, Déroulède, died, there was no doubt upon whom his succession should devolve.

Maurice Barrès has behind him millions of patriots, including those who from some exaggeration or some shortcoming are rightfully called *chauvins*; during the war he defended in an endless series of articles, written day after day with indefatigable energy, the theses which Foch was to champion during the peace negotiations. He was, and still is, for detaching the Rhineland from Prussia and for giving those people time enough to realize that they are neither ethnically, nor ethically, nor æsthetically, the same race as the Slavs, who managed to force themselves on the world as the representatives of that once noble thing, the Germany of poetry and music. He is a radical patriot, with all the nationalist instincts of which the philosophical outsider makes fun: yet no philosophical outsider can find himself in his presence without realizing that what in some people is a mere bubbling of the blood is with a thinker like him the love of an exceedingly well-informed tradition sustained by powerfully thought-out ideas.

There is a gulf, of course, between the man whose life is devoted to such an

ideal and the young poet of thirty years ago, whose ambition was above all to feel intensely and to discover a formula enabling him to revive at will his most intense sensations.

Other chances offered themselves pretty early to Barrès and he was not slow in seizing them; but he did so according to his temperament and without swerving in the least from his original path. Are we to imagine that a man who throws in his lot once for all with that of his country does not feel intensely, and does not realize that he has found a formula as old as civilized humanity for always feeling intensely? The tense physiognomy of M. Barrès tells its own tale.

But, like all real artists, M. Barrès could not say good-bye to his artistic ambitions. The pleasure he found at twenty-four in imprisoning volumes of thought or feeling in simple phrases, which his magic touch transmuted into talismans for conjuring rich trains of imagining, has never palled upon him. This accounts for the fact that after writing, since 1914, twelve or fifteen volumes destined to set forth a Lorrainer's point of view in the development of European affairs, he recently indulged in the composition of an Oriental tale, entitled *Un Jardin sur l'Oronte*.

The river Oronte runs somewhere near Damascus, in a country which, seven hundred years ago, was divided between feudal lords speaking French and feudal lords speaking Arabic. The tale concerns a Frankish knight, Sire Guillaume, brought to that enchanted region at sixteen, speaking Arabic as well as his own language, and inclined by all that he sees beauteous around him to regard the palaces and gardens of Syria as an object in themselves, while the austere walls of Jerusalem

evermore recede from his view. We are not surprised to see such a troubadour become intimate with the Emir of Galaat and shortly after with his favorite wife Oriante — herself a perfect bulbul of an Oriental songster — charmed by the way in which Guillaume one night tells an attentive but invisible harem the story of Tristan and Ysolde. After pages and pages of blissful oblivion of everything in starlit gardens of roses indulgently avoided by the Emir, a Latin army suddenly lays siege to the town and Guillaume dies, after seeing Oriante become enough of a Christian to be the wife of the victor.

This ardent narrative is a poem in prose, of course, and reads like all Oriental poems: all we want of them is a rich atmosphere and a rich harmony, with the perfection of form to which we have been accustomed since Chateaubriand wrote *Le dernier des Abencerrages*, and Omar Khayyâm became familiar reading. The atmosphere is here and the harmony too, and Barrès's delight in rare phrasing is frequently contagious: but that inevitableness in expression which is an essential of such prose poems is frequently disturbed by echoes of newspaper language, which will not let us forget that Barrès has become an almost daily contributor to the press. These few defects will irritate the rising generation, which has grown accustomed to purity of language and perfection of form.

To older men, taught by life to take more interest in a man than in his work, the same defects are almost touching. We know that such flaws are caused not by indifference to beauty, but on the contrary by a never-extinguished love for beauty, thwarted by the noblest industry.

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE DINER (PICCADILLY GRILL)

BY ROY HUMPHERSON

[*Chapbook*]

THEY say he found,
'Twixt oysters and soup,
Some strange Philosophy;
Some meaning in a good consommé,
And an answer to all his wish
'Twixt the soup and the fish.
They say that subtle point
Between entrée and joint
Crowned his Philosophy —
Till all was fled
At the dinner's ending.
They say he lost his gastronomic soul
In the vague waters of a finger bowl,
Elusive, and it slipped away and far
In the faint blue smoke of his cigar.

THE RETURN

BY I. A. WILLIAMS

[*London Mercury*]

WHERE now is Margaret,
Who every day
Played till the sun was set,
Sang at her play?

Where is her beauty, now,
That was so clear?
Perfect, from foot to brow,
She wandered here.

Quiet, without a song,
Lies now her head,
Nor leaves she all day long
Earth's kindest bed.

All that of Margaret
Stays here behind
Are thoughts — that faintly yet
Cling to the mind.

COMPENSATION

BY GERALD GOULD

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

HERE, in the field, last year,
I saw a sea gull die,
Flying inland, for fear
Of change in the sky.

Sea gulls six and seven
Flew inland, and cried;
And one fell out of Heaven
Here, and died.

I found no scar or stain:
He was white and gray, like smoke.
He flew, and was in pain,
And his heart broke.

Now, when I come this way,
I remember his beauty and pride,
And how from the hollow of day
He fell, and died.

Then, I too was proud;
I was angry to see death.
The hour, that was warm and loud,
Drew one cold breath.

Again the gulls are flying.
My heart, that then was a lover
Hot and high, is dying —
But the gulls fly over.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

LONDON BRIDGE, NOT QUITE FALLEN DOWN

LONDON BRIDGE is as old as London town, for in ancient days there would have been no town if there had been no bridge. Mentioned by Dante, described at length in the *Heimskringla Saga*, London Bridge has actually been a succession of bridges, beginning with wooden ones, turning to stone about the year 1200, becoming a busy place for traders somewhat before Shakespeare's day, and ending at last as the modern structure.

The discovery, made some time ago, that one of the ancient arches of the stone bridge built in 1200 still stands, naturally excited great interest among English antiquaries, who are now still further stirred by the news that the old arch is in danger of destruction. Over the old bridge, of which this arch is the surviving fragment, English kings rode out to Calais, Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. Lord Mayors of London rode out across this bridge to greet the hosts of England returning from the fray.

The great Elizabethans trod this way. Into London went the country squires, come up to see the plays at Burbage's first theatre. Across from London to Southwark flowed the tide of playgoers intent on Master Shakespeare's latest production at the Globe, though the boats of the watermen on the Thames probably carried a good many of these.

And now the bridge is in danger. The contractors who own the site threaten to remove it, though — sensible of the claims of history — they offer to set it up again in another place. And to this the lovers of old London reply, 'A monument is not of masonry alone; it is the masonry plus the site.'

MR. H. G. WELLS AS A POLITICIAN

THE sins of the politicians were abundantly exposed in the concluding chapters of the *Outline of History*. Now Mr. Wells, candidate for Parliament of the University Labor Party of the University of London, is a politician himself. Naturally, a novelist-journalist-scientist-historian, all rolled into one, makes an unusual candidate with some unusual things to say. At least the political speeches are very different, if we may trust the summary of one given in the *Daily Telegraph*: —

Mr. Wells said he understood Labor to mean every sort of creative effort and service that went to the making of civilization; everything that made for acute civilization as distinct from everything that merely took advantage of civilization. They were particularly opposed to the idea of competition for possession and for precedence, and to every sort of manipulation for private advantage of the complicated and not always very perfect machinery of civilization. Theirs was not in any sense a class movement; it was a movement against class movement and class privilege, a movement to release civilization from the dominance of the acquisitive classes.

A representative of the University of London would have a particular duty toward education; and by education he meant not the cheap training of the serf for his toil, not the training of young gentlemen in class dominance and esprit de corps, but the training of all men and women for free coöperation and happy service in the common life of the State. In face of the blind clamor for economy such a representative would have to insist that education to-day was underpaid, understaffed, under-equipped, and dangerously cheap, and that at any cost it must be maintained and bettered.

There were a thousand ways in which we could retrench before we touched one half-penny of the skimpy payments which went to maintain such education as we had. He

never saw a Guardsman dressed up in his finery in Whitehall without thinking he was dressed in the stolen pens and stationery and the mental health of the poor kiddies of this country.

Another thing the representatives of London University would have to keep before the House of Commons was the predominant claim upon public support of the public health — the education of the medical profession and the development of scientific research in every branch of human knowledge. They wanted research now particularly into the dark tangle of the financial and monetary muddles in which the economic and social life of Europe was being rapidly strangled. They wanted to get these affairs out of the hands of men of adventure, and they could only do that by creating a body of men of knowledge. They wanted more men of the Keynes type and less of Mr. Lloyd George's private friends. They must build up a great body of authoritative knowledge, so that presently the financial and monetary affairs of the world would be managed, not by whisperings in the banker's parlor, but by plain speaking in the professorial chair.



MUSIC THROUGH 'BOLSHEVIST EARS'

A NEW musical theory is enunciated by *Izvestia* of Moscow. Everything bourgeois must be banished from the Soviet State, and even bourgeois music is tainted. The reason? Let the Bolshevist writer explain: —

For the bourgeoisie music serves as a recreation, a balsam for the soul, a narcotic for overstrained nerves. It is an integral part of their life of comfort, something 'cosy' to help the digestion.

For us music is more: it is a means of agitation, a necessity for the workman. The processions of manifesting workmen move to the strains of music; to its strains they go into battle, and a song is on their lips while they work. We cannot be indifferent as to how our workmen are being musically trained. Unfortunately we have no proletarian music, but still there is music for the proletariat.

For us Chaikovskii is too pathetic: the overture to *Eugen Onegin* is counter-revolutionary. This music does not accord with the Soviet platform: it is an attribute of its own age, written by a representative of certain classes for these classes. Haydn reflects the feudal age. Glinka is the spiritual interpreter of our former nobility and landowners. Are not Schumann, Schubert, Chopin singers of the petty bourgeoisie and representatives of the revolutionary currents in educated circles? Rimski-Korsakov, Mussorgsky, Borodin are pan-Slavonic, with a 'National Assembly' undertone. Wagner is retrograde, and his music is only externally revolutionary.

But we need the cheerful Mozart, the heroic Beethoven — the Titan calling to battle; we greet the genial Scriabin. Prokofieff's *Chaos* is exciting and impressive; we will not minimize the importance of Rachmaninoff; we bow before Mendelssohn; but we cannot deny their corrupting influence. Give a Red Army company this music daily for a month, and before the time is ended we shall find that they have lost their fighting quality.



TRANSLATING SINCLAIR LEWIS

SOME time has passed since the obstreperous Mr. H. L. Mencken supported with a bulky tome his thesis that *The American Language* and the English one are two distinct and separate entities. Now at last his ideas find adequate support in Great Britain itself, for the British edition of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's new novel, *Babbitt*, is equipped with a glossary, intended to assist the puzzled Briton in translating such phrases as 'flipflop and doodads,' 'scream of a bunch,' and 'stuck-up, gabby four-flushers.'

'A. N. M.' in the *Manchester Guardian* finds that Mr. Lewis 'uses this language with humor and a kind of distinction'; but humor and distinction do not sufficiently aid in comprehension, and therefore he concludes that 'we may be grateful for the glossary.'

Recalling Mr. Lewis's outburst against the British literary world upon his return from London, the British critic is inclined to 'go slow'—a phrase he will probably find in that indispensable glossary. So also is Mr. Hugh Walpole, who in the introduction urges all Englishmen to persevere with *Babbitt* no matter how difficult they find him.

A. N. M. credits Mr. Lewis with 'first-rate descriptions—or nearly first-rate,' and agrees with Mr. Walpole that the hero Babbitt is very like a Wells hero.

He is in the stage of futility and dissatisfaction that is a common Wells opening. . . . Mr. Lewis is a Wells accelerated, a Wells with a thousand details added. . . . Mr. Lewis writes with facility, but it is a terrific, not a mild, facility. It seems sometimes that it is only the raw material for a book, but it is not rawly presented. It is a little overwhelming for a quiet reader, and this extravagance of detail becomes wearisome. Mr. Lewis is certainly a remarkable writer, and even when you are thoroughly bored by him you must admire his persistence and vitality.



THE TOMB OF SAINT STEPHEN

THE official organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*, announces the re-discovery of the tomb of Saint Stephen, first martyr of the Christian Church. According to orthodox tradition, the body of the Saint was left upon the scene of his martyrdom, whence it was secretly removed by the great doctor Gamaliel and buried in a tomb which he had prepared for himself. In order to prevent desecration by the foes of Christianity, the tomb was necessarily inconspicuous, and during the persecutions it was lost sight of. In 415 it was discovered by a priest named Luciano, who is said to have been guided by a vision.

A *martyrium* was built over the spot, but the later incursions of the Persians led to its destruction, and again the tomb was forgotten. In 1916 mosaics were found by some Salesians, who were planting trees, and the site has since been investigated by numerous priestly scholars, including the famous Benedictine archaeologist, Father Maurice Gisler. Only about one third of the *martyrium* is left, but the tomb itself is practically intact.



THE VERY PROPER BANDIT

THIS entertaining little history enlivens an obscure corner of the London *Times*:—

The little village of Vizzanova, perched on a mountain four thousand feet high, is proud of Napoleon Romanetti, who is one of the richest landowners of the region and styles himself Governor of Corsica, and it resents the stories that are current of the brigand's deeds of violence. Quite recently some tourists, staying at the Grand Hôtel de Vizzanova, climbed up to the farmstead of Pozzi and learned that Romanetti and his friends were there. They sent forward a *parlementaire* to ask if their presence would be agreeable to the bandit. Romanetti himself returned answer that he would be delighted to see them and be their host.

True to his promise, Romanetti entertained the strangers very hospitably, and after dinner exhibited his prowess with the revolver. Before leaving the tourists pressed him to return their visit. He accepted without hesitation.

Scouts were sent forward to see that the way was clear of gendarmes, and to prepare a feast at the Grand Hôtel de Vizzanova. Meanwhile Romanetti called for his motor-car, and, surrounded by his faithful friends, set forth for Vizzanova. All went well. The gendarmes were discreetly out of the way, and the famous brigand reached the hotel unmolested. Sentinels were then posted at convenient spots to ensure his safety.

To cut the story short, the brigand showed himself a delightful guest, and champagne

flowed like water. Finally, at two in the morning, Napoleon Romanetti took an affectionate leave of his hosts, and, calling for his motor-car, once more repaired to his mountain fastness.



SUCCESSFUL PARODY

THE London *Sunday Times* — which, by the way, is quite distinct from the *Times* — prints a brief paragraph that will appeal to all lovers of parody: —

Sir Owen Seaman said last week that one of the greatest compliments he had ever received was when a writer whose work he had caricatured remarked that he could almost have sworn he had written the thing when he was drunk. There is a touch of unconscious plagiarism in this. When Sir Walter Scott's attention was called to 'The Tale of Drury Lane' in *Rejected Addresses*, he replied, 'I must have done this myself, but I forget when.'



THE CHEESE AND THE AMBASSADOR

WHETHER it was ever a favorite haunt of Dr. Johnson's or not, — for the matter has fallen into dispute, — the Fleet Street tavern known as the Cheshire Cheese is at least a fascinating bit of the London of days gone by. The Cheese is no longer the popular — almost fashionable — place that once it was, but this, as the *Manchester Guardian* observes, is not altogether to be regretted: —

So much has it been forgotten by literary London that it is now very quietly becoming a cult for connoisseurs of London, who find that the few changes brought about a generation ago, when it had a London popularity, are compensated by the preservation of almost everything in it that is old and

precious. It still keeps its ancient benches, its ancient tavern-pictures with fine paintings of famous waiters (in many ways the best things of their kind in the world), its sawdust floor, its great punch-bowls, its plump and notable head-waiter, its parrot, and its homely atmosphere.

It maintains, too, its ancient customs, and to-night being the first Monday in October, its rump steak and oyster pudding made their first appearance; and in honor of this the ancient house was lit again only by candles, and there were singers to sing old English songs and glees. Colonel Harvey, the American Ambassador, cut the pudding, and many Americans were present. It was a small and intimate affair, for the ancient low-browed room where Johnson and Dickens sat and ate their pudding cannot by any chance be made a spectacular affair. The landlord, a quiet man with a quiet humor, took the chair and husbanded the night.

Colonel Harvey not only cut the pudding, but made an interesting speech. He spoke of the King with enthusiasm, mentioned the difficulty of the tea chest, and indicated whose fault it was that America and England were not one nation to-day. 'The Etruscan singers' (yes, that was their name) had sung 'Drink to me only with thine eyes' (which some, nowadays, think the American National Anthem), and referring to that Colonel Harvey asked what Dr. Johnson would have thought if he had been asked to wash down the pudding, and so forth, with prohibition drinks. The speaker was evidently unaware that Johnson was the great tea-drinker of his time.

Then came the contest as to which of those present had eaten the pudding for the longest number of years. One guest declared that he had eaten it for thirty years. He spoke feelingly of another Johnson — 'Pussyfoot' Johnson — and took the view that the soda fountain from which he had his first potash would be as much a pilgrimage of the future as the Cheshire Cheese was to-day.

BOOKS ABROAD

The Spirit of Islam. A History of the Evolution and Ideals of Islam. With a Life of the Prophet, by Ameer Ali Syed, P.C., LL.D., D.L., C.I.E., Member of the Judicial Committee of his Majesty's Privy Council. London: Christophers, 1922. 30s.

[*Morning Post*]

THE vast and far-reaching learning of this vindicator of the spirit of Islam is poignantly displayed in the long introductory chapter, in which he studies the origins of his religion and shows the source of the traditions current among his people that were taken and transfigured by Mohammed and made a lever for raising the Arabs and the surrounding peoples from the depths of social and moral degradation, the pits of slime, indeed, into which they had fallen.

'The light that shone on Sinai,' — so runs his concluding sentence, — 'the light that brightened the lives of the peasants and fishermen of Galilee is now aflame on the heights of Fārân.' The life of the man of genius who created a religion based on the necessities of human nature as he knew it, and built up his theocracy in his own lifetime with pen and sword, is eloquently narrated. There has been nothing like Mohammed's life before or since; such a combination of seer and soldier who yet insisted on being accepted as a man among men, — eager also to admit his transgressions and atone for them on the score that it was 'better to blush on earth than in Heaven,' — and makes for himself no glimmering robes of mystery, is absolutely unique.

In discussing the faith of Islam and the creed that has grown up around it, as a fire may be hid in some huge and elaborate temple, our author makes a skillful use of a wide and exact knowledge of Christian theology and apologetics. Here is a significant passage: 'The Prophet had consecrated reason as the highest and noblest function of the human intellect. Our schoolmen and their servile followers have made its exercise a sin and a crime.' But a Christian apologist is then quoted to show that in the Middle Ages it was not the New Testament but the *Summa Theologiae* of Thomas Aquinas that decided questions of orthodoxy, and that to-day the orthodox Churchman does not usually derive his creed from a personal investigation, aided by the light of reason, of Christ's teaching in the Gospel.

There can be no doubt, after all, that Islam in its prime had a far clearer conception of the essential equality of men and of the worth of toleration than any of the great Christian Churches. Ameer Ali, looking back on the glorious centuries of Moslem culture, fitful glimpses of which illum-

inated mediæval Europe from time to time, certainly carries the war of controversy into the camps of the Western historians. The two great failures of the Arab conquerors, the one before Byzantium and the other at France, put back the hour-hand of civilization, he thinks, for centuries. Had Constantinople fallen and Charles Martel been defeated, he believes 'the Renaissance, civilization, the growth of intellectual liberty, would have been accelerated by seven hundred years.'

A History of the Greek People, 1821-1921, by William Miller. London: Methuen, 1922. 6s.

[*Saturday Review*]

MOST opportune is *A History of the Greek People, 1821-1921*, by William Miller, which has just been published by Messrs. Methuen in their series of 'Histories of the Peoples.' Mr. Miller is a recognized authority on this subject, and he writes very well, though in a book intended to have a popular appeal he perhaps makes too many references to personages and events that are little known, or not known at all, to the average reader. A note at the end of the book shows that it did not pass out of Mr. Miller's hands till after March of this year, and that he had before him at that time the proposals of the Paris Conference of the three Allied foreign ministers for a settlement in the Near East. His opinion then was that the 'Eastern question' was insoluble. If fate has been somewhat unkind in permitting him to conclude his history so shortly before the occurrence of the happenings that now engross the attention of the world, and have such a material bearing on the fortunes of the Greeks, it has done nothing, he might well assert, to change his point of view.

More Authors and I, by C. Lewis Hind. London: Lane, 1922. 7s. 6d. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.50.

[*New Witness*]

MR. HIND has a really distinct function among the literary people of to-day. He is par excellence the great gossip, though, unlike most gossips, his stories are short and to the point. His new book is just the right one to put into the hands of any would-be reader who wants to understand just exactly what such and such an author stands for and what sort of books he gives to the public. He writes beautiful 'captions' under the delightful pictures he himself produces of his friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Hind also is one of the few English authors who keep pace with American writers as well as

with English ones, and is able to estimate their places in the literary world with as much discrimination and insight as he gives to the authors of his own country. The sketches are many and all entertaining, especially those dealing with Ford Madox Hueffer, Sinclair Lewis, F. Anstey, and Amy Lowell, but the little chapter entitled 'Herbert Spencer' is such good fun that we beg our readers to get *More Authors and I* in order to share our pleasure in the little tale of 'The Effect upon Children of Savage Parents.'

Beaver, by John Kettelwell. London: Werner Laurie, 1922: 1s.

[*New Statesman*]

WERNER LAURIE have published a small book entitled *Beaver*, by John Kettelwell. It elaborates the game. The different 'Beavers' are illustrated, and the scoring values are noted: the Imperial Beaver, the Fringed Beaver, the Ecclesiastical-King-Beaver, the Queen Beaver, the Santa-Beaver, the Ursine-Beaver, the Vandyc-BEaver, etc. The disappearance of the beard was in Schopenhauer's opinion, though he himself was a splendid specimen of the 'Half-Fringed Beaver,' a barometer of civilization. The East has always been the home of reverence for the beard. In the *Arabian Nights* we are told that Allah has especially created an angel in Heaven who has no other occupation but to sing the praises of the Creator for giving a beard to men and long hair to women.

[An article describing the vogue of the game of Beaver in London appeared in the *Living Age* of September 9.]

Six Famous Living Poets, by Coulson Kernahan. London: Thornton Butterworth, 1922. (In press.)

[*Daily Telegraph*]

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN is a man of letters of many and diverse gifts; alike as novelist, biographer, and critic he has produced some of the most significant of contemporary literature. Mr. Thornton Butterworth has now in the press a new book by Mr. Kernahan, which presents him both as a critic and an anthologist. The volume is called *Six Famous Living Poets*, and the poets considered are Mr. Maurice Baring, Mr. John Drinkwater, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. John Masefield, Sir Henry Newbolt, and Mr. Alfred Noyes. Mr. Kernahan not only criticizes each of these writers with sympathy and judgment, but he includes so many quotations from their writings that his book may be considered a sort of appreciative introduction to their work. He is also able to include a series of striking portraits of his subjects.

Au temps où l'oncle Sam se militarisait, by Jean Douyau. Paris: Jouve, 1922.

[Charles Merki in *La Mercure de France*]

M. JEAN DOUYAU's book about the Yankees will be read with a good deal of pleasure. It describes humorously the discovery of that always curious land by the French mission charged with the task of initiating the immense country's almost numberless recruits into the requirements of modern war. . . .

The book is full to the brim — even crammed. If the critic of men and affairs never loses his rightful place in it, we shall, nevertheless, not be forgetful that it was America who gave us a helping hand in the war against the Boche, when it was badly needed. Everything else is secondary and will ever be so.

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BOOKS ANNOUNCED

GASQUET, CARDINAL. *His Holiness Pope Pius XI: A Pen Portrait*. London: Daniel O'Connor. For immediate publication. This book will contain a chapter on 'The Pope as Alpine Climber,' translated from an article by His Holiness which has already appeared in the *Living Age*. The edition will be limited.

MORLEY, EDITH J. *Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, etc.: Being Selections from the Remains of Henry Crabb Robinson*. London: Longmans, for the Manchester University Press, 1922.

MUIR, RAMSAY. *The Modern Commonwealth*. London: George Philip and Son, 1922. Second volume of his *Short History of the British Commonwealth*.

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE. *Scrap Book*. London: Macmillan, 1922. A collection of essays, including such topics as 'Wordsworth and the Pussyfoots,' 'Tennyson the Brigand,' and 'The Charm of Ugliness.'

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS. *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Latin version by T. R. Glover. Cambridge: Heffer.

WAY, DOCTOR ARTHUR S. (Translator). *The Odes of Pindar*. London: MacMillan. For immediate publication.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

KRONPRINZ RUDOLPH. *Politische Briefe an einen Freund*. 1882-89. Herausgegeben und eingeleitet von Dr. Julius Szeps. Vienna: Rikola-Verlag, 1922.

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THIS WEEK

A new literary find,—the unpublished letters of Dostoevskii,—appears in this issue of the *LIVING AGE*. Those who consider him the greatest of all the Russians will take particular pleasure in his references to Tolstoi and Turgenev. Material touching directly upon any of these men is all too rare to be passed idly over, but this would be interesting, however much we knew about them.

★ ★ ★

We are also very much in the dark about life in modern Russia; conditions there under the Bolshevik régime are the subject of much loose talk. These *Current Impressions* of French and German visitors ought to clear our ideas of the subject considerably. The description of the Nizhni Fair is really a remarkable one.

★ ★ ★

Anything from the pen of Edmund Gosse is hailed with delight by all followers of English letters. In his eyes, the figures of a century ago are scarcely less remote than the most insistent of the moderns.

★ ★ ★

Business men, as well as students of contemporary life, will come upon some surprising statements in the German analysis of French foreign policy. What is said about the iron and steel

barons of Europe bears directly upon these industries here in America.

★ ★ ★

The first article in this issue is completely in the fascinating field of speculation. What with his rapid succession of epigrams and prophecies, the author leaves us rather breathless. And even the most unsympathetic reader cannot fail to admire his summary dismissal of all political reformers.

★ ★ ★

A prominent French senator brings us back to earth with his careful study of post-war opinion among the common people, in the rural districts of his country. What a contrast this is to the careless and conventional American 'interpretation of the French mind.'

★ ★ ★

In the next few issues you will want to be on the lookout for a story by Giovanni Papini, once a co-worker with William James and recently a convert to Christianity. We shall also print the conclusion of Trotskii's amusing account of his experience as an enforced visitor to Spain, in the midst of the Great War. And what with a French monarchist's article on his impressions of Poland, we feel that our future issues will be unusually rich ones.



THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

POLAND IN EVOLUTION

A French Royalist on a New Republic

Pierre Lafue

THE TURKISH QUESTION IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY

Professor Friedrich W. Foerster

FIUME AND THE FASCISTI

An Autonomist Version

Theodor Berkes

MAKING WAR AND PEACE

J. E.

A THEOLOGUE IN A STREET GANG

A German Student's Letter

Franz Müller

A PLEA FOR THE REPUBLIC

The Recantation of a Royalist

Thomas Mann

THE AVERSIONS OF AUTHORS

A. B. Walkley

MY EXILE — MY PRISON

Leon Trotsky

RADHA'S CHILD. *An Indian Anti-Caste Story*

C. R.

HIS OWN JAILER

Giovanni Papini

THE IDEA OF LIFE. *Some Biological Considerations*

THE UNEXPECTED

Y. Y.

IN THE RED SEA

Major Arthur W. Howlett

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